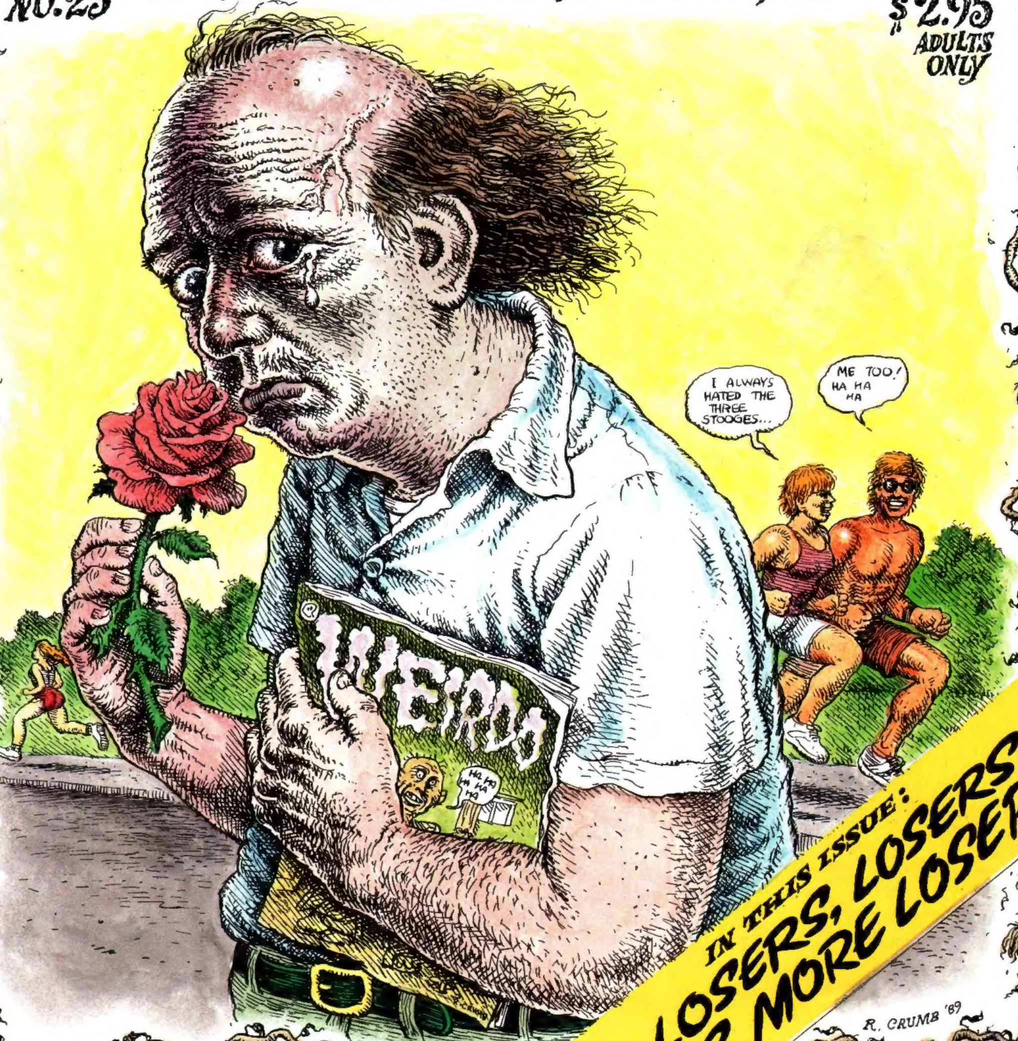
LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES

WEIRDO

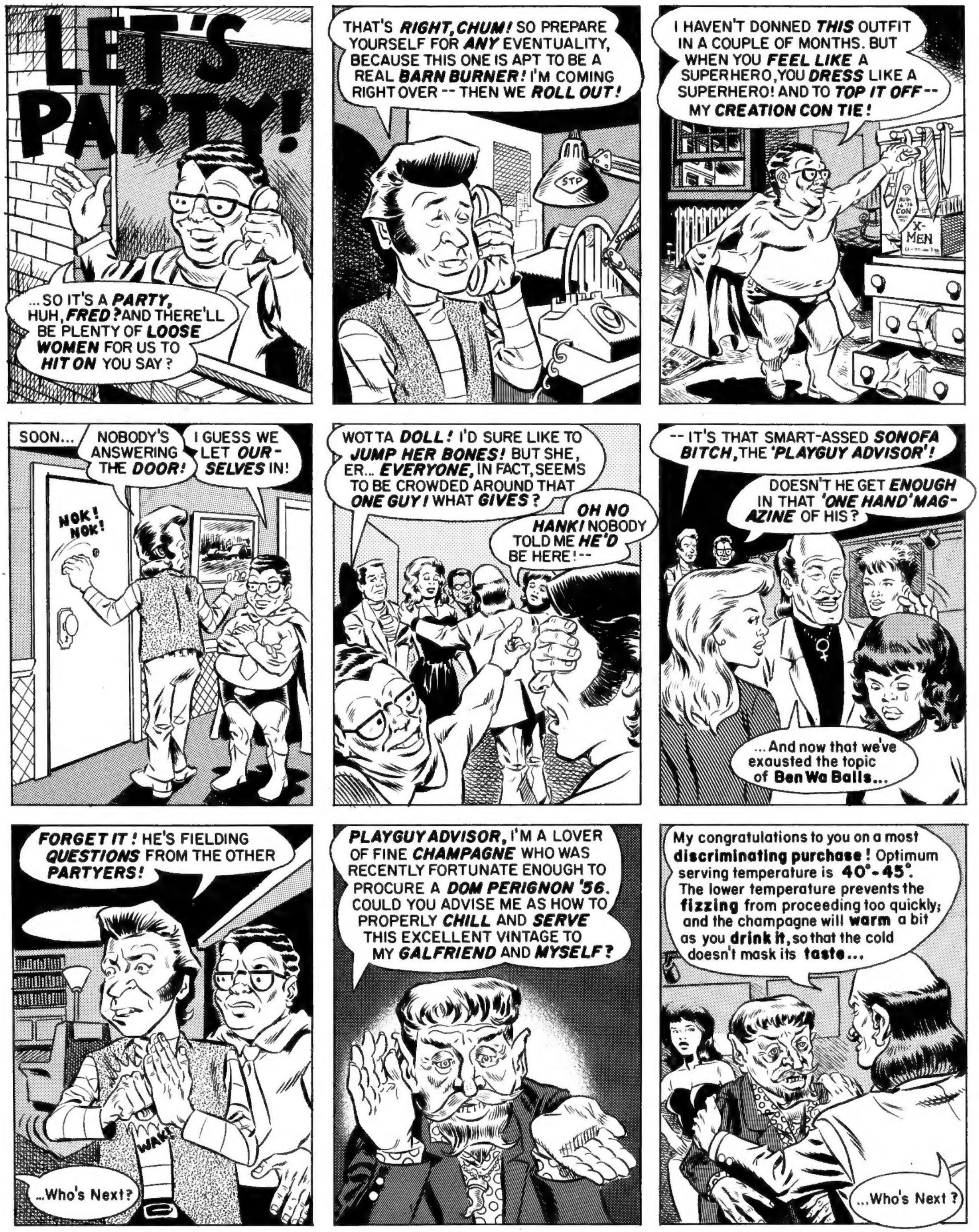
NO.25

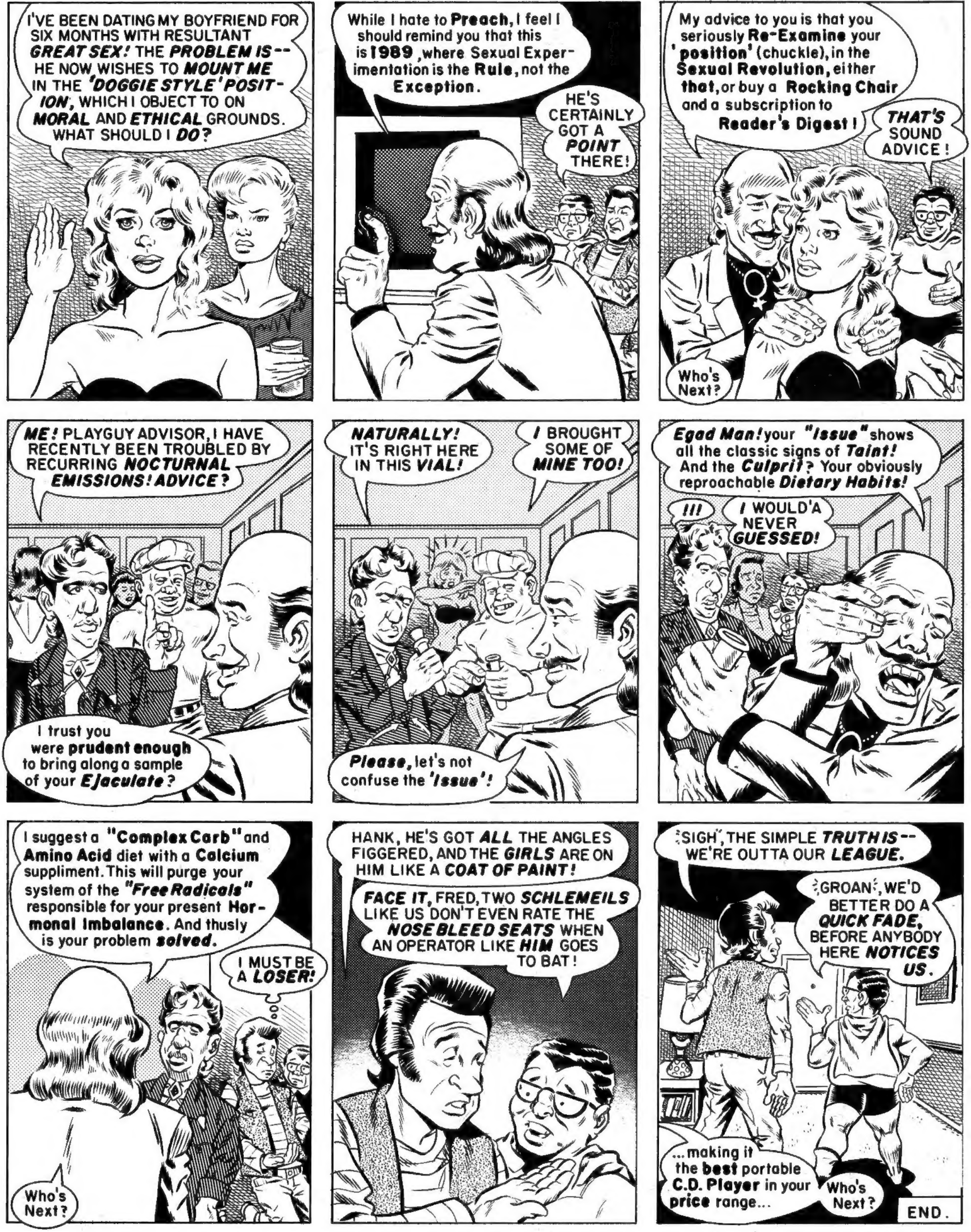
"How Glorious it is and also how Painful to be an Exception!"

$2.95
ADULTS ONLY

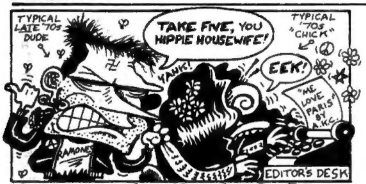

I ALWAYS HATED THE THREE STOOGES...
ME TOO! HA HA HA
WEIRDO
HA HA HA HA
R. CRUMB '89

IN THIS ISSUE:
LOSERS, LOSERS
& MORE LOSERS


LET'S PARTY!
...SO IT'S A PARTY, HUH, FRED? AND THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF LOOSE WOMEN FOR US TO HIT ON YOU SAY?
THAT'S RIGHT, CHUM! SO PREPARE YOURSELF FOR ANY EVENTUALITY, BECAUSE THIS ONE IS APT TO BE A REAL BARN BURNER! I'M COMING RIGHT OVER -- THEN WE ROLL OUT!
STP
I HAVEN'T DONNED THIS OUTFIT IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS. BUT WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE A SUPERHERO, YOU DRESS LIKE A SUPERHERO! AND TO TOP IT OFF -- MY CREATION CON TIE!
CON
X-MEN
SOON...
NOBODY'S ANSWERING THE DOOR!
I GUESS WE LET OURSELVES IN!
NOK! NOK!
WOTTA DOLL! I'D SURE LIKE TO JUMP HER BONES! BUT SHE, ER... EVERYONE, IN FACT, SEEMS TO BE CROWDED AROUND THAT ONE GUY! WHAT GIVES?
OH NO HANK! NOBODY TOLD ME HE'D BE HERE!--
-- IT'S THAT SMART-ASSED SONOFA BITCH, THE 'PLAYGUY ADVISOR'!
DOESN'T HE GET ENOUGH IN THAT 'ONE HAND' MAGAZINE OF HIS?
...And now that we've exausted the topic of Ben Wa Balls...
FORGET IT! HE'S FIELDING QUESTIONS FROM THE OTHER PARTYERS!
WAK!
...Who's Next?
PLAYGUY ADVISOR, I'M A LOVER OF FINE CHAMPAGNE WHO WAS RECENTLY FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO PROCURE A DOM PERIGNON '56. COULD YOU ADVISE ME AS HOW TO PROPERLY CHILL AND SERVE THIS EXCELLENT VINTAGE TO MY GALFRIEND AND MYSELF?
My congratulations to you on a most discriminating purchase! Optimum serving temperature is 40°-45°. The lower temperature prevents the fizzing from proceeding too quickly; and the champagne will warm a bit as you drink it, so that the cold doesn't mask its taste...
...Who's Next?


I'VE BEEN DATING MY BOYFRIEND FOR SIX MONTHS WITH RESULTANT GREAT SEX! THE PROBLEM IS-- HE NOW WISHES TO MOUNT ME IN THE 'DOGGIE STYLE' POSITION', WHICH I OBJECT TO ON MORAL AND ETHICAL GROUNDS. WHAT SHOULD I DO?
While I hate to Preach, I feel I should remind you that this is 1989, where Sexual Experimentation is the Rule, not the Exception.
HE'S CERTAINLY GOT A POINT THERE!
My advice to you is that you seriously Re-Examine your 'position' (chuckle), in the Sexual Revolution, either that, or buy a Rocking Chair and a subscription to Reader's Digest!
THAT'S SOUND ADVICE!
Who's Next?
ME! PLAYGUY ADVISOR, I HAVE RECENTLY BEEN TROUBLED BY RECURRING NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS! ADVICE?
I trust you were prudent enough to bring along a sample of your Ejaculate?
NATURALLY! IT'S RIGHT HERE IN THIS VIAL!
I BROUGHT SOME OF MINE TOO!
Please, let's not confuse the 'Issue'!
Egad Man! your "Issue" shows all the classic signs of Taint! And the Culprit? Your obviously reproachable Dietary Habits!
!!!
I WOULD'A NEVER GUESSED!
I suggest a "Complex Carb" and Amino Acid diet with a Calcium suppliment. This will purge your system of the "Free Radicals" responsible for your present Hormonal Imbalance. And thusly is your problem solved.
I MUST BE A LOSER!
Who's Next?
HANK, HE'S GOT ALL THE ANGLES FIGGERED, AND THE GIRLS ARE ON HIM LIKE A COAT OF PAINT!
FACE IT, FRED, TWO SCHLEMEILS LIKE US DON'T EVEN RATE THE NOSE BLEED SEATS WHEN AN OPERATOR LIKE HIM GOES TO BAT!
SIGH, THE SIMPLE TRUTH IS-- WE'RE OUTTA OUR LEAGUE.
GROAN, WE'D BETTER DO A QUICK FADE, BEFORE ANYBODY HERE NOTICES US.
...making it the best portable C.D. Player in your price range...
Who's Next?
END.

NUMBER 25 • "MISERY LOVES COMPANY" • SUMMER, 1989


TYPICAL LATE '70s DUDE
TYPICAL '70s "CHICK"
TAKE FIVE, YOU HIPPIE HOUSEWIFE!
YANK!
EEK!
"ME LOVE PARIS" BY A.K.C.
RAMONES
EDITOR'S DESK

GUEST EDITORIAL

BY PETER BAGGE

HELLO, READERS! YES, IT'S ME AGAIN, RETURNING TO SERVE AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES FOR THIS, THE **LANDMARK 25th ISSUE OF WEIRDO MAGAZINE!**

THE REASON FOR MY BEING HERE IS THAT YOUR USUAL HOSTESS, **ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB**, WANTED TO TAKE SOME EXTRA TIME OFF FROM THE GRUELLING DUTIES OF ASSEMBLING THIS PUBLICATION, AND ASKED ME TO FILL IN FOR THIS ONE ISSUE; AND BEING THE MASOCHIST WITH A SHORT-TERM MEMORY THAT I AM, I AGREED. SO NOW SHE'LL BE ABLE TO ATTEND TO SOME OTHER HISTORY-OF-COMICS-CHANGING PROJECTS THAT SHE'S WORKING ON, AND **I** WILL ONCE AGAIN BE ABLE TO FOIST MY **GUTTER-LEVEL SENSIBILITIES** ON **YOU**, THE **MATURE, CULTURED, DISCRIMINATING READERSHIP** THAT ALINE HAS WORKED SO HARD TO DEVELOP. **OH BOY, WHAT FUN!**

SERIOUSLY THOUGH, I DIDN'T WANT TO DO ANYTHING RADICALLY DIFFERENT FROM WHAT ALINE HAS BEEN DOING, SINCE NOT ONLY IS SHE DOING **A TERRIFFIC JOB**, BUT ALSO BECAUSE SALES HAVE GONE **UP** SINCE SHE'S TAKEN OVER AS EDITOR — SOMETHING THAT **I** HAD NEVER BEEN ABLE TO DO DURING **MY** TENURE — AND I'D SURE HATE TO PUT A CRIMP IN **THAT** PARTICULAR STATISTIC. BUT AT THE SAME TIME I DID WANT TO MAKE A POINT OF USING WORK BY ARTISTS WHOSE COMICS HAVE **NEVER GRACED WEIRDO'S PAGES BEFORE**, SOME OF WHOM MAY BE FAMILIAR TO YOU, WHILE OTHER BITS ARE BY **TOTAL NEWCOMERS**. SO PLEASE LET US KNOW WHAT YOU THINK OF THESE "NEW FACES".

ONE THING THAT ALMOST ALL THE FEATURES IN THIS ISH HAVE IN COMMON IS THAT THEY TEND TO DEAL WITH **DESPERATE, MISERABLE CHARACTERS** OF ONE KIND OR ANOTHER, THUS MAKING THIS YET ANOTHER SPECIAL "**LOSERS ISSUE**", DEDICATED TO ALL YOU PATHETIC GEEKS OUT THERE WHO FEEL SUCH AN **URGENT NEED** FOR COMICS LIKE THESE, JUST SO YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT ALONE... AND YOUR NUMBERS ARE SURE TO BE **GROWING** IN THE YEARS AHEAD, AS WE ENTER WHAT I PREDICT WILL BE KNOWN AS THE "**I-WISH-I-WAS-DEAD DECADE**"... IT'S A GRIM OUTLOOK, I REALIZE, THOUGH IT'S ONE I'M SURE MOST OF YOU SHARE... AT LEAST WE CAN TAKE COMFORT IN THE FACT THAT THE WORSE OFF THE **WORLD** GETS, THE BETTER THE PROSPECTS FOR **WEIRDO'S FUTURE!** (ASSUMING PEOPLE WILL STILL HAVE MONEY TO WASTE ON THINGS LIKE COMIC BOOKS!)

REMEMBER TO KEEP SENDING YOUR CARDS, LETTERS AND ABSOLUTELY WORTHLESS SUBMISSIONS TO:

ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB
BOX 533
WINTERS, CA
95694

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YOU FUCKING ASSHOLES HAVE TO SAY...

DEAR ALINE,

I READ WITH INTEREST AND A BIT OF ALARM YOUR COMMENTS IN WEIRDO #24 ABOUT CONSIDERING CHUCKING THE WHOLE PROJECT. FORGET IT. THE BIG W IS TOO IMPORTANT. WHO ELSE IS GOING TO OFFER IT'S UNIQUE VIEW OF LIFE? WHO ELSE WOULD PRINT THOSE OFF-KILTER WORKS BY NUTTY ARTISTS AND ROUGH-HEWN PICTURES BY UNKNOWN PRIMITIVES? AND YOUR SEND-UPS OF MORE POPULAR PUBLICATIONS DON'T HURT EITHER.

IF THE WORK LOAD'S TOO HEAVY, TAKE ON A CO-EDITOR, NAMELY YOUR HUSBAND. YOU CAN PROMISE HIM A CUT OF YOUR PAY AND THEN SPEND IT ON ESSENTIALS BEFORE HE SEES A PENNY OF IT. (*THAT'S WHAT SHE ALREADY IS DOING! -P.B*) CRUMB MAY ALREADY BE HOLDING UP PART OF THE EDITORIAL BURDEN, BUT IF YOU GIVE HIM A NICE TITLE HE CAN TAKE OVER SOME MORE...

...I SUSPECT YOU MIGHT GET DISCOURAGING MAIL ON ISSUE #24, SINCE MOST OF THE WORK WAS BY FREQUENT CONTRIBUTORS, THE "USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS". PEOPLE HAVE A TENDENCY TO SUPPORT CREATORS UNTIL THEY BECOME TOO WIDELY ACCEPTED, AND SOME READERS MAY SAY YOU SHOULD FILL YOUR PAGES WITH UNKNOWNS... THE FACT IS, HOWEVER, THAT THE PEOPLE YOU'RE RUNNING STILL ARE UNKNOWNS TO MOST OF THE WORLD. YOU MIGHT FALL INTO A RUT OF PREDICTABILITY, BUT, AS THE PAGES BY CATHY MILLET PROVE, YOU HAVEN'T YET.

AND YES, YOU SHOUD DEVOTE TIME TO MAINTAINING YOUR PHYSICAL "CHAWMS". AFTER ALL, IF FUTURE ISSUES USE THE OLD FUMETTI FORMAT AGAIN, YOU MAY BE REQUIRED TO ACT OUT SOME STRANGE STORY LINE IN A HALTER TOP AND HOT PANTS IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA, FOR THE CRITICAL EYES OF WEIRDODOM ASSEMBLED TO PERUSE.

SO KEEP A SMILE ON YOUR FACE, A SONG IN YOUR HEART, AND GETAWAY MONEY IN YOUR POCKET. TWENTY-FIVE ISSUES ISN'T ENOUGH. WE NEED MORE WEIRDO.

— RICHARD ROESBERG,
NORTHFIELD, NJ

DEAR ALINE,

WELL, ANOTHER GREAT WEIRDO. I HOPE YOU WERE JOKING ABOUT ENDING WEIRDO WITH THE '80s. THE '90s ARE GOING TO BE GRIM ENOUGH AS IT IS. THE THOUGHT OF A WEIRDO-LESS DECADE IS TOO GRIM FOR EVEN ME TO CONTEMPLATE.

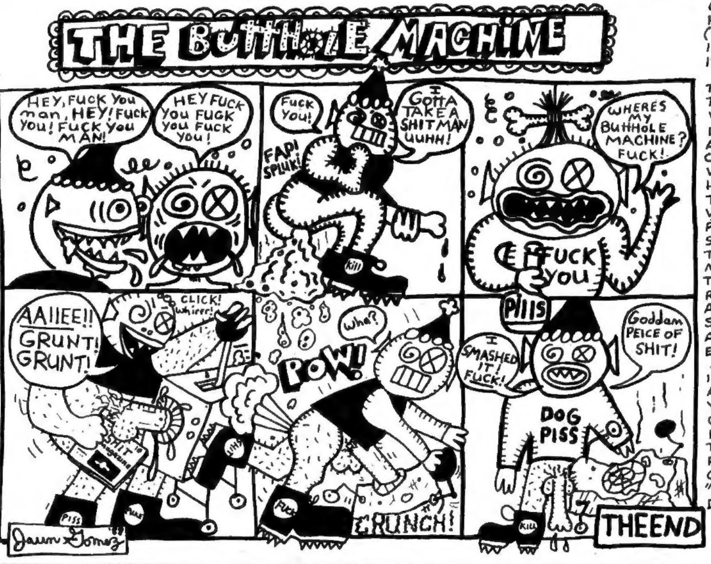
REALLY LIKED THE GRIFFITH PIECE. AND THE KIM DEITCH STORY REALLY KNOCKED ME OUT — THE FIRST THING BY HIM THAT REALLY GRABBED ME SINCE THAT STRIP ABOUT THESE HUMORLESS CLOWNS ON A CRUSADE TO BRING HUMOR TO AMERICA. (ONE OF THE BEST SATIRES ON '60s RADICALS I'VE EVER SEEN!)

THE "RAT DANCER" THING WAS SO-SO. TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, WHEN I FIRST READ IT I THOUGHT IT WAS AN ACTUAL CAT DANCER THING AND I WAS WONDERING WHAT THE HELL A RETREAD LIKE THAT WAS DOING IN WEIRDO. I DON'T THINK PARODY IS CRUMB'S STRONG POINT. HE'S TOO MUCH INTO SLAMMING DIRECT BRUTAL TRUTHS INTO THE READERS FACE TO BE ABLE TO PULL OFF THE SUBTLE NUANCES THAT A PROPER PARODY ENTAILS...

... THE C. MILLET DRAWINGS WERE SIMPLY AWFUL. WHAT WERE YOU POSSIBLY THINKING? ONLY THING I CAN FIGGER IS YOU SPENT TOO MUCH TIME ON THE RIVIERA EATING ROTTEN CHEESE AND TALKING "AHT" WITH FRENCH DILETTANTES...

COULD IT BE???

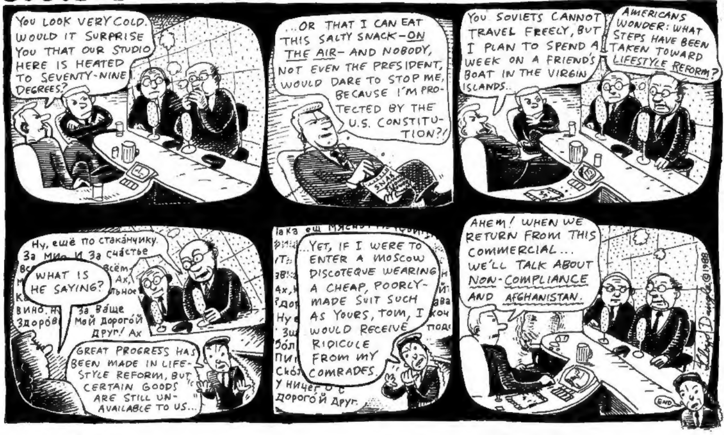
— ACE BACKWARDS,
BERKELEY,
CA


THE BUTTHOLE MACHINE
HEY, FUCK YOU MAN, HEY! FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU MAN!
HEY FUCK YOU FUCK YOU FUCK YOU!
FUCK YOU!
I GOTTA TAKE A SHIT MAN UUHH!
FAP! SPLUK!
KILL
WHERES MY BUTTHOLE MACHINE? FUCK!
FUCK YOU
PIIIS
AAIIEE!! GRUNT! GRUNT!
CLICK! WHIRR!
SHIT
POW!
WHA?
CRUNCH!
I SMASHED IT! FUCK!
GODDAM PEICE OF SHIT!
DOG PISS
THE END

WEIRDO, NO. 25, SUMMER, 1989. PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES, P.O. BOX 410067, SAN FANCISCO, CA, 94141. © 1989 by R. CRUMB, P. BAGGE, D. ALLEN, D. CLOWES, K. KRYTTRE, D. FRIEDMAN, J. D. KING, D. CARRINO, K. WEINER, G. HEAD, A. ROSS, J. GOMEZ, C. TYLER, M. NEWGARDEN, L. DANGLE, P. NICOLOFF, M. CORCORAN, J.A. FRIEDMAN, W. HONATH, C. MOIFIEWITSCH, R. ALTERGOTT, M. LANMAN, "LISA LEE", AND G.+ C. HERNANDEZ. XEROX COPIES ONLY, AND SENT TO THE EDITOR, A. KOMINSKY-CRUMB. EXTRA COPIES ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE PUBLISHER.

SOVIETS ON T.V.

BY LLOYD DANGLE



YOU LOOK VERY COLD. WOULD IT SURPRISE YOU THAT OUR STUDIO HERE IS HEATED TO SEVENTY-NINE DEGREES?
...OR THAT I CAN EAT THIS SALTY SNACK–ON THE AIR–AND NOBODY, NOT EVEN THE PRESIDENT, WOULD DARE TO STOP ME, BECAUSE I'M PROTECTED BY THE U.S. CONSTITUTION?!
SNAX
YOU SOVIETS CANNOT TRAVEL FREELY, BUT I PLAN TO SPEND A WEEK ON A FRIEND'S BOAT IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS...
AMERICANS WONDER: WHAT STEPS HAVE BEEN TAKEN TOWARD LIFESTYLE REFORM?
Ну, ещё по стаканчику. За Ми... И за счастье ... всём ... Ах, ... вино. ... Здоров... За Ваше Мой дорогой друг! Ах
WHAT IS HE SAYING?
GREAT PROGRESS HAS BEEN MADE IN LIFE-STYLE REFORM, BUT CERTAIN GOODS ARE STILL UNAVAILABLE TO US...
...Дорогой Друг.
...YET, IF I WERE TO ENTER A MOSCOW DISCOTEQUE WEARING A CHEAP, POORLY-MADE SUIT SUCH AS YOURS, TOM, I WOULD RECEIVE RIDICULE FROM MY COMRADES.
AHEM! WHEN WE RETURN FROM THIS COMMERCIAL... WE'LL TALK ABOUT NON-COMPLIANCE AND AFGHANISTAN.
Lloyd Dangle ©1988
END

JUST THE LIQUOR TALKING

BY M. "CORKY" CORCORAN

OF THE 10 WARNING SIGNS OF ALCOHOLISM (ANN LANDERS 5/17/86), I'M GUILTY OF NINE. I'VE NEVER BLACKED OUT AND GIVEN MY PHONE NUMBER TO A PERSON WHO SELLS HERBALIFE, BUT I HAVE TO RAISE MY HAND TO THE REST OF THE LIST: 1) I DRINK EVERY DAY. 2) I DRINK BEFORE NOON SOMETIMES. 3) I DRINK ALONE. 4) I DRINK UNTIL I'M DRUNK. 5) I CAN'T STOP ONCE I'VE STARTED UNLESS I'M BROKE. 6) I'LL DRINK WINE COOLERS IF THAT'S ALL THERE IS. 7) I ONLY READ BOOKS BY ALCOHOLIC AUTHORS. 8) IF I GIVE A WINO A QUARTER, I ASK FOR A SWIG OF HIS WINE. 9) IF I SEE PEOPLE LOADING A KEG INTO A CAR, I FOLLOW THEM HOME.

I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I'M AN ALCOHOLIC, WHICH USED TO SCARE ME BECAUSE I NEVER WANTED TO BE ANYTHING. "ALCOHOLIC" SOUNDS SO BAD, LIKE YOUR THE GUY IN THE T-SHIRT AND BOXER SHORTS WITH SMELLY BLACK SOCKS, SITTING ON THE BEIGE PLAID COUCH WITH A BROWN HIGHBALL WATCHING THE T.V. SCREEN ROLL, TOO DRUNK AND BITTER TO MESS WITH THE VERTICAL HOLD, SO IT SLOWLY GNAWS AT YOU UNTIL YOU SCREAM AT IT TO STOP AND YOU FLING YOUR GLASS AT THE SCREEN AND BOTH SHATTER AND YOU FALL TO YOUR KNEES AND REST YOUR FOREHEAD ON THE GREEN SHAG CARPET IN A CLUMP OF SELF-PITY BECAUSE YOU JUST KILLED ONE OF YOUR ONLY TWO FRIENDS WHILE THE OTHER ONE IS SLOWLY KILLING YOU.

I DRINK AN AVERAGE OF 6 OR 7 BEERS A DAY, WHICH GIVES ME SOMETHING TO DO WHEN THERES NOTHING TO DO. DRINK DOESN'T MAKE ME MEAN OR BELLIGERENT, IT MAKES ME SLEEPY. IT GOES RIGHT TO MY ASS AND TURNS TO LEAD, BUT IT ALSO MAKES ME SOMETHING BAD: AN *ALCOHOLIC*. I'M THE *SAME THING* AS THE GUY WHO DOWNS A FIFTH OF SCOTCH AND THEN BEATS THE WIFE AND KIDS. WE ALL KNOW THERE ARE NO VARYING DEGREES OF ALCOHOLISM. YOU EITHER IS OR YOU AIN'T. AND IF YOU IS, YOU WILL REMAIN ONE FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. THERE IS NO CURE, AND THE ONLY THING THAT HELPS IS TO SHARE YOUR EXPERIENCE WITH THE SIMILARLY-AFFLICTED, AND DON'T FORGET TO BREAK DOWN WHEN YOU GET TO THE PART WHERE SHE LEAVES YOU.

ALCOHOLISM IS NOT A GOOD THING, AND GROUPS LIKE AA HAVE SAVED LIVES. BUT ANN LANDERS HAS NO RIGHT TO CALL ME AN ALCOHOLIC. I RESENT HAVING LABELS HUNG ON ME BY PEOPLE WHO DON'T EVEN KNOW I'M ALIVE. I DON'T LIKE BEING LUMPED IN WITH SLOBS WHO PASS OUT NIGHTLY IN ROOMS FULL OF PIZZA BOXES. I DON'T LIKE THE WAY ALL THESE COUNCELORS, CONCERNED MOTHERS AND SALARIED DO-GOODERS HAVE SHOOED AWAY THE IDEA OF INDIVIDUAL CASES AND TIDILY FILED US ALL UNDER "A". I DON'T LIKE THAT I CAN STOP DRINKING FOR 20 YEARS, BUT STILL CAN'T SHAKE THE TAG OF BEING DISEASED. I USED TO JERK OFF EVERY DAY WHEN I WAS A TEENAGER, SO I GUESS THAT MAKES ME A "MASTURBATOR", TOO. *ALCOHOLIC MASTURBATOR*. I THINK I'LL HAVE IT STENCILLED ON MY MAILBOX.

THE SCOTTISH HAVE A PROVERB THAT NAILS MY FEELING ON THE SUBJECT: "THEY TALK OF MY DRINKING, BUT NEVER MY THIRST."

DEAR ALINE,

① CRUMB'S ARTWORK IN THE PAST DECADE OR SO HAS BECOME PAINFUL TO LOOK AT. ALL THAT CROSS-HATCHING. IT LOOKS LIKE SO MUCH WORK! IT'S NO FUN! I LONG FOR THAT TOSSED-OFF LOOK OF THE YELLOW DOG DAYS.

② I'VE NEVER READ ONE ENTIRE CARTOON BY EITHER S.C. WILSON OR SPAIN. I'M WONDERING: WHY MAKE THEM DRAW AN ENTIRELY NEW PIECE EVERY TIME YOU PRINT THEIR STUFF? WHY NOT JUST REPRINT THE SAME ONE OVER AND OVER AGAIN?

③ I LIKE D. WORDEN, BAGGE, J.D. KING, J.R. WHATISNAME, AND SOPHIE CRUMB (SO FAR.)

④ WOMEN CARTOONISTS AREN'T FUNNY.

⑤ FOR ONCE I'D LIKE TO SEE KIM DEITCH DO A PIECE ON HIS OWN LIFE, AND FOR ONCE I'D LIKE TO SEE ALL THE OTHER CARTOONISTS YOU'RE SO FOND OF TRY SOMETHING ELSE.

⑥ I GUESS I MUST LIKE WEIRDO. I HAVE THEM ALL, AND I RE-READ THEM. THANKS FOR KEEPING THEM IN PRINT, OR FOR PRINTING TOO MANY OF THEM OR WHATEVER. NOTHING TICKS ME OFF MORE THAN WHEN I TAKE A LIKING TO SOME COMIC BOOK AND FIND OUT ALL THE BACK ISSUES ARE AVAILABLE EXCEPT #1, BECAUSE A BUNCH OF ASSHOLES COLLECTORS HAVE BOUGHT THEM BAGGED AND UNREAD IN SOME SAFE SOMEWHERE. COMIX ARE SUPPOSED TO BE A MASS MEDIUM—INVESTING IN FIRST EDITIONS IS SICK, SICK, SICK, AND SHOULD BE LEFT TO THOSE TREKKIE NERD SUPERHERO FANS BLAH BLAH BLAH ETC...

—PAUL N.,
DOVER, N.H.

DEAR MISTER CRUMB,

THANK YOU FOR DOING THAT STUNNING OMAHA PARODY. LIKE, I *RILLY* GOT OFF ON IT, MAN!...

AS FAR AS I KNOW, YOU'RE THE ONLY OTHER COMIX PERSON WHO HASN'T BEEN CHARMED BY OMAHA. UNTIL YOU DID "WICHITA", ALL I'VE SEEN AND HEARD HAS BEEN POSITIVE FEEDBACK (*EVEN FROM "WIMMIN"*), WITH THE EAGER FANS HAPPILLY BUYING EVERY COPY OF OMAHA AND CLAMORING FOR MORE AND KISSING THE ASSES OF WALLER + WORLEY, WHILE DENIS KITCHEN GETS RICH, RICH, RICH, OFF OF THE TITLE. *(?!? I THOUGHT HIS 'WEALTH' WAS DERIVED FROM TWIST!—P.B.)*

A MUTUAL FRIEND WAS ON THE SCENE WHEN REED FIRST BEHELD "WICHITA". HE TOLD ME THAT REED WAS "NOT SURE HOW TO TAKE IT", AND SUGGESTED THAT YOU WERE GIVING REED A BACK-HANDED COMPLIMENT...

THANKS AGAIN FOR THE "WICHITA", AND FOR THE YEARS OF COMIX, KEEP ON... ER ...YOU KNOW...

—ESS JAY,
MPLS, MN.

OI YA WEIRDOS,

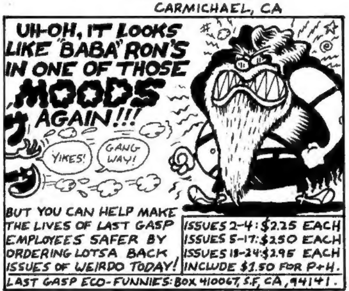
I'M YOUNG AND MEAN. I HATE JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING. I'M NOT PREJUDICED OR SEXIST, I HATE EVERYONE EQUALLY. MY MOTHER ASKED ME TO NAME THREE THINGS THAT I LIKED. I COULD ONLY THINK OF TWO, NUMBER ONE BEING G.G. ALLIN AND NUMBER TWO BEING WEIRDO. THEN I PUNCHED HER IN THE NOSE.

I'M STICKING IT OUT UNTIL THE END; YOU HAD BETTER TOO.

—FISHSPIT,
"GREENHELL",
OLYMPIA, WA

THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU MR. CRUMB FOR THE BEAUTIFUL BOOKS... AND I'M SURE THAT THOSE READERS THAT USE WEIRDO WHEN THEY GO TO THE BATHROOM FOR TOILET PAPER WILL BE PLEASED THAT CATHY MILLET'S DRAWINGS ARE IN THE BACK, SO WHEN THEY RIP THEM OUT TO WIPE THEIR ASS THE MAGAZINE WON'T BE RUINED IN THE FRONT. *(I SURE HOPE MS. MILLET ISN'T THE THIN-SKINNED TYPE! SHEESH!—P.B.)*... I OWE YA, CRUMB... HELL, I OWE EVERYBODY... I'M WORTHLESS NOW, BUT THAT'S MY SECRET TO FUCKING GREATNESS... I HOPE...

—M. PARLETTE,
CARMICHAEL, CA



UH-OH, IT LOOKS LIKE "BABA" RON'S IN ONE OF THOSE MOODS AGAIN!!!

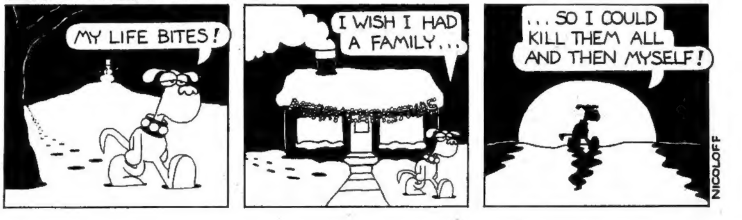
YIKES!
GANG WAY!

BUT YOU CAN HELP MAKE THE LIVES OF LAST GASP EMPLOYEES SAFER BY ORDERING LOTSA BACK ISSUES OF WEIRDO TODAY!

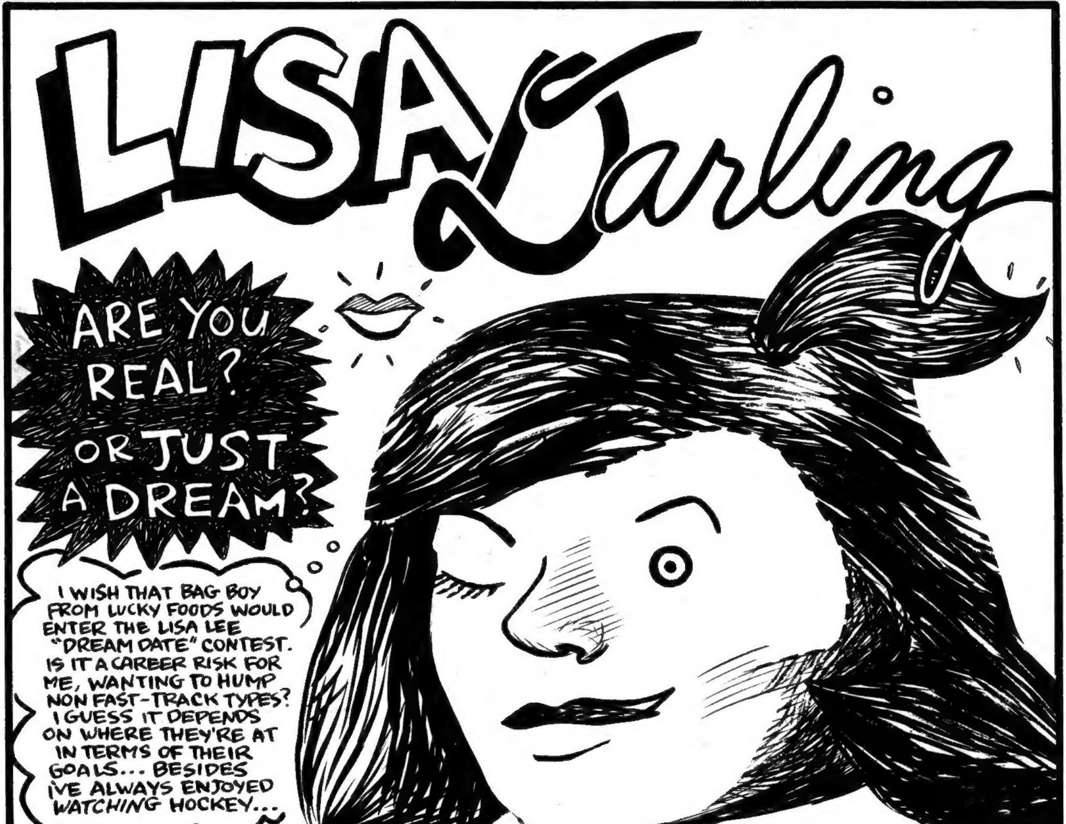
ISSUES 2–4: $2.25 EACH
ISSUES 5–17: $2.50 EACH
ISSUES 18–24: $2.95 EACH
INCLUDE $1.50 FOR P+H.

LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES: BOX 410067, S.F., CA, 94141.

DIGGETY DOG



MY LIFE BITES!
I WISH I HAD A FAMILY...
...SO I COULD KILL THEM ALL AND THEN MYSELF!
NICOLOFF


LISA Darling
ARE YOU REAL? OR JUST A DREAM?
I WISH THAT BAG BOY FROM LUCKY FOODS WOULD ENTER THE LISA LEE "DREAM DATE" CONTEST. IS IT A CAREER RISK FOR ME, WANTING TO HUMP NON FAST-TRACK TYPES? I GUESS IT DEPENDS ON WHERE THEY'RE AT IN TERMS OF THEIR GOALS... BESIDES I'VE ALWAYS ENJOYED WATCHING HOCKEY...

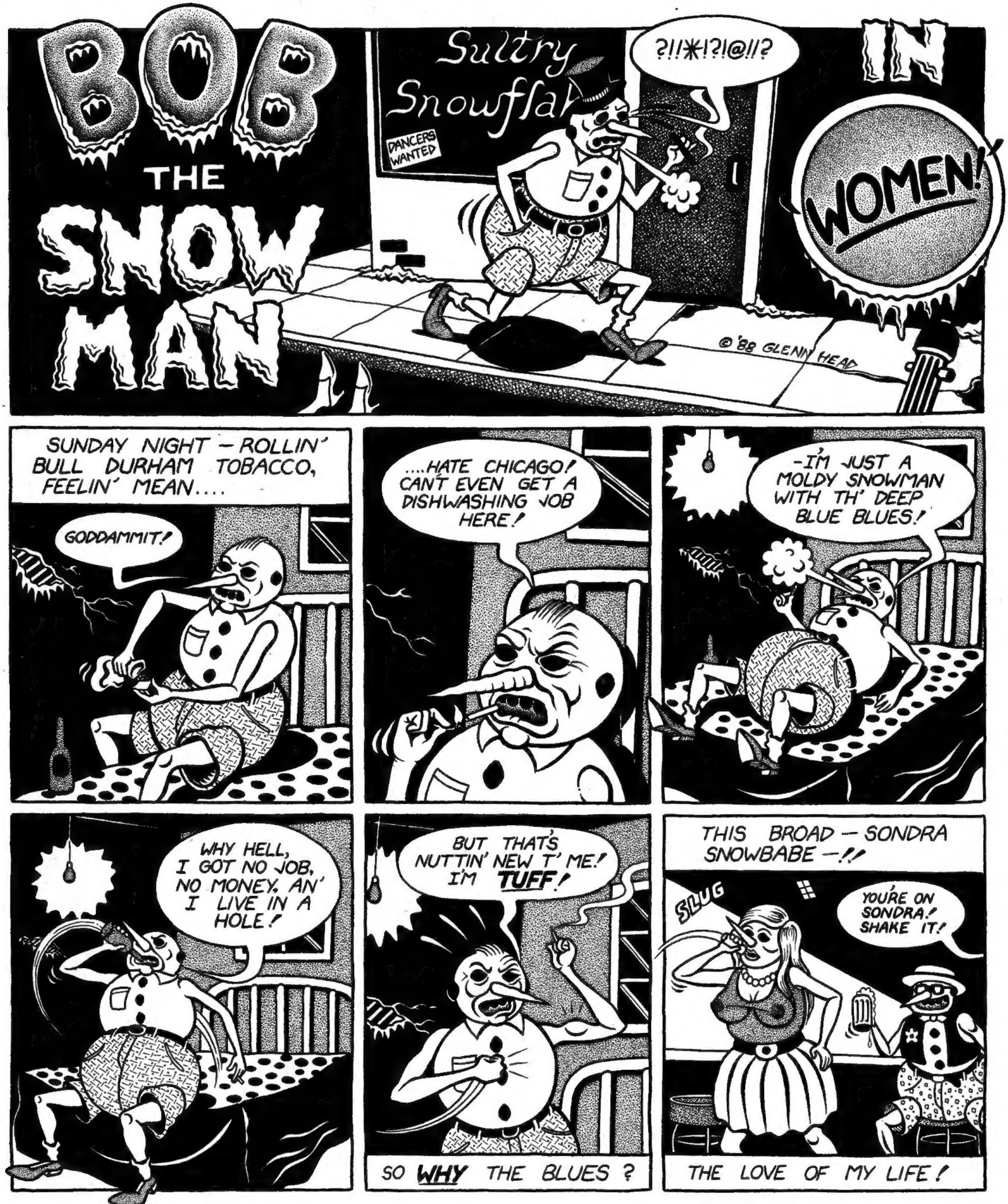
THAT'S RIGHT! A *Lisa Lee* DREAM DATE CONTEST TO TRY AND JUMP START YOU SLICK CHICKS, HIPPIES AND FAN BOYS INTO DOING SOME GREAT CARTOONS. THIS CONTEST WAS CREATED OUT OF MY **BOREDOM** HERE AT THE WEIRDO CORPORATE OFFICES BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING WORTHWHILE TO REVIEW. UNBELIEVABLE? ITS TRUE. COULD IT BE THAT WE'VE COME TO THE END OF THE SELF PUBLISHED COMIC ERA? (LEAVE IT TO GOOD OLD LISA LEE TO SPOT THE NEXT INEVITABLE TREND SPOUTING FROM TODAY'S PASSIONLESS YOUTH!) SO ANYWAYS ON VALENTINES DAY, WENT TO PETE BAGUETTE WITH THIS FRESH CONCEPT: IN ORDER TO WIN A DREAM DATE WITH *LL*, THE CANDIDATE MUST **DRAW A COMIC PAGE** WHICH NOT ONLY DESCRIBES THE "DATE" BUT ALSO DEFINES YOU AS A PERSON. (REACH DOWN IN YOUR SOUL!) LIMIT ONE PAGE PER PERSON, THIS CONTEST IS OPEN TO ALL, AND THE WINNER'S WORK WILL APPEAR HERE.

(ITS GOOD FOR ME TO DESIGN NEW PROGRAMS OF THIS SORT BECAUSE WHEN I GO TO APPLY FOR A BETTER JOB, I CAN LIST ON MY RESUME HOW I'VE MANAGED TO SHAPE SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING. BUT NOT WITHOUT THE DYNAMIC LEADERSHIP OF THE GREAT AVALINE KOZIMSKY-CURLB AND HER SIGNIFICANT "O", THE INCOMPARABLE R.C. WHOM I'M INDEBTED TO AND I MUST SAY THE TRAILER IS QUITE COMFORTABLE EVEN IF IT HAS NO WATER OR HEAT AND I REALLY DON'T MIND BABYSITTING 4 NIGHTS A WEEK FOR THE CHANCE TO WORK WITH THIS SWELL COUPLE!..) ANYWAYS, A DATING CONTEST IS **ONE THING**— I'M STILL LEFT OUT OF THE BUSINESS OF **COMICS REVIEWING** (AND IF THINGS DON'T PICK UP, I'LL BE OUT ON MY ASS AGAIN!). THAT'S WHY I'VE DECIDED TO **TAKE ON THE BIG WHEELS**. I'M HOLDING OFF DOING THE HOKEY-POKEY WITH THE SMALL-FRY'S AND AM GOING FOR THE **MEAT**. NEXT ISSUE LISA'S GONNA START REVIEWING **PUBLISHED COMICS**! BUT YOU'VE GOTTA SEND ME SOME TITLES. I'M NOT MAKING ENOUGH AT THIS JOB TO BUY MY OWN.. (AND BOB BAGS ALL OF HIS). WHAT LITTLE I DO MAKE GOES TO PAY OFF THE ENORMOUS DEBT FROM HAVING PUBLISHED **"TRIP INTO WEALTH, MAN"** (WHICH BY THE WAY IS STILL AVAILABLE FOR \$5^{00} AND A S.A.S.E.)

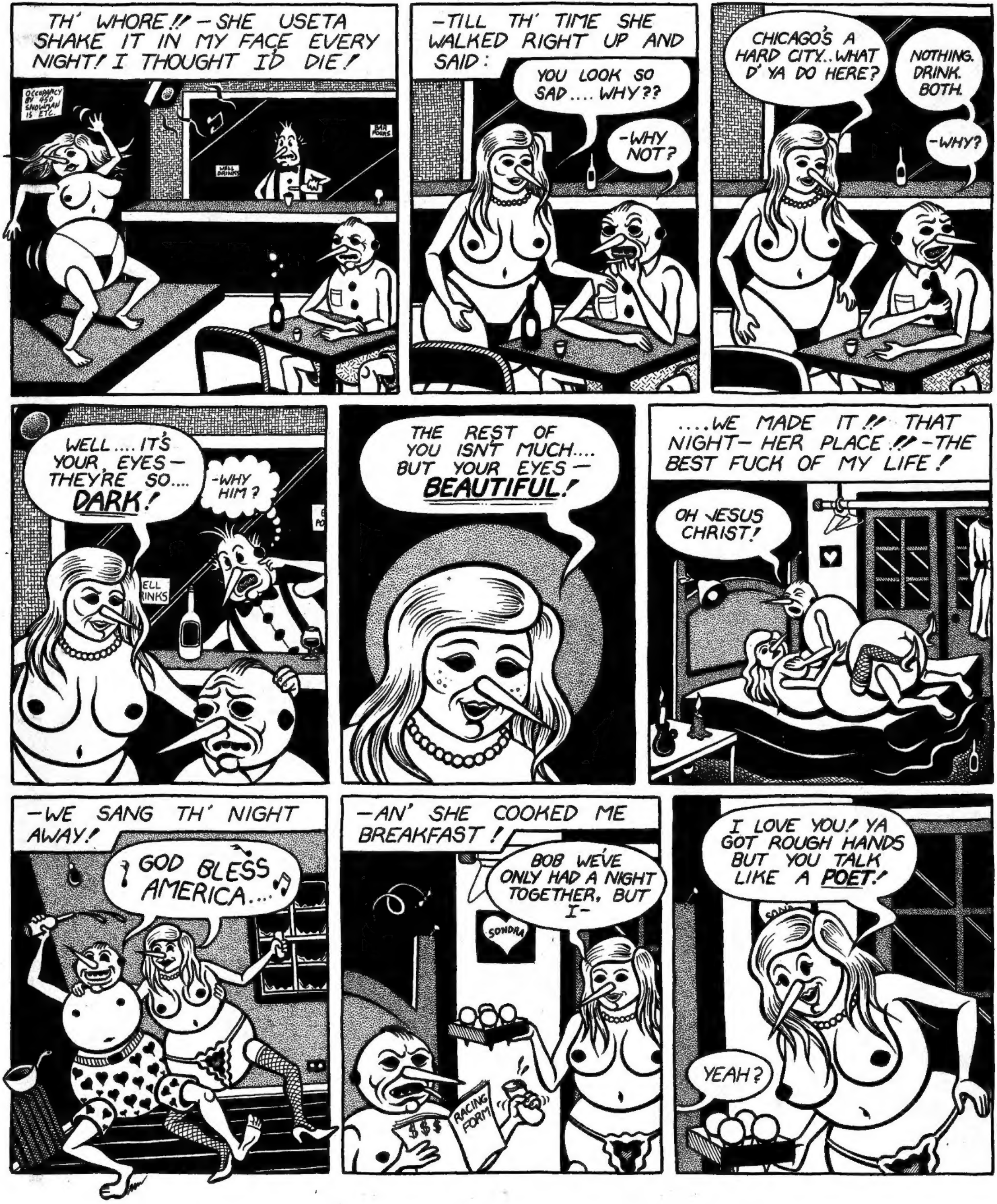
SO THERE YOU ARE— AND HERE I AM AT MY NEW ADDRESS:

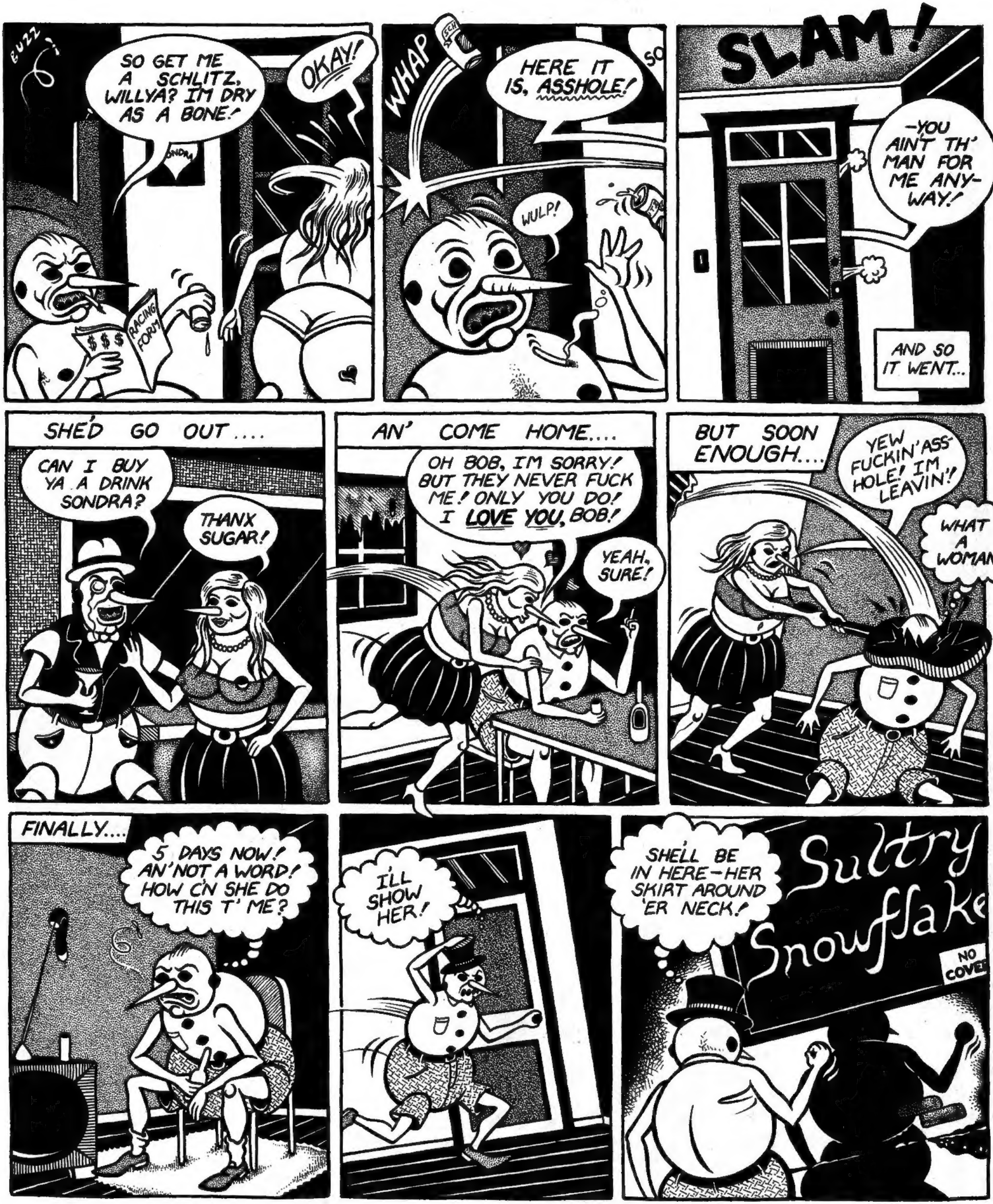
Lisa Lee
P.O. BOX 191594
SACRAMENTO,
CALIFORNIA
95819

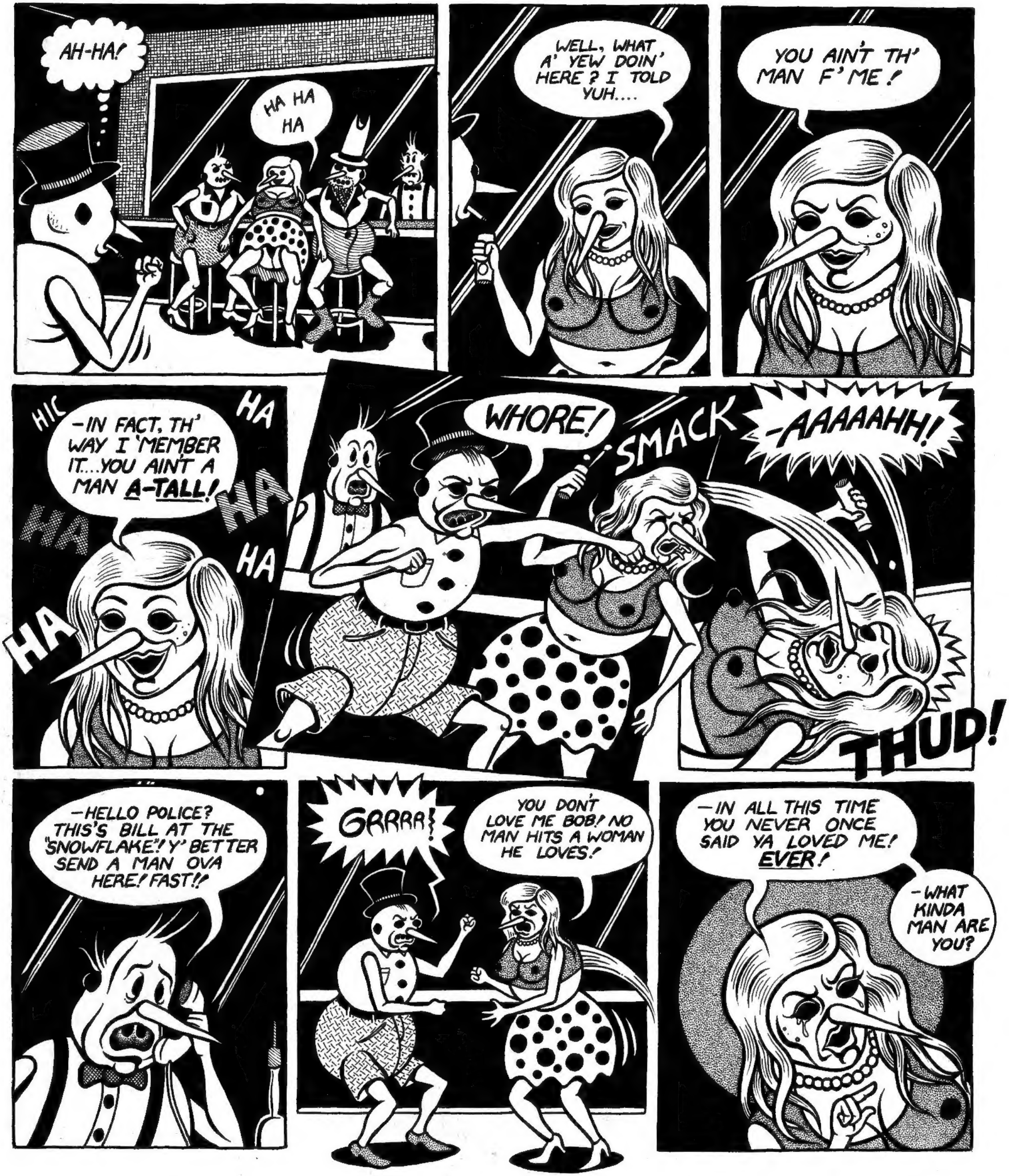
GET TO WORK EVERYONE. THERE'S MUCH TO DO IN ORDER TO SAVE OURSELVES AND COMICS FROM OBLIVION!

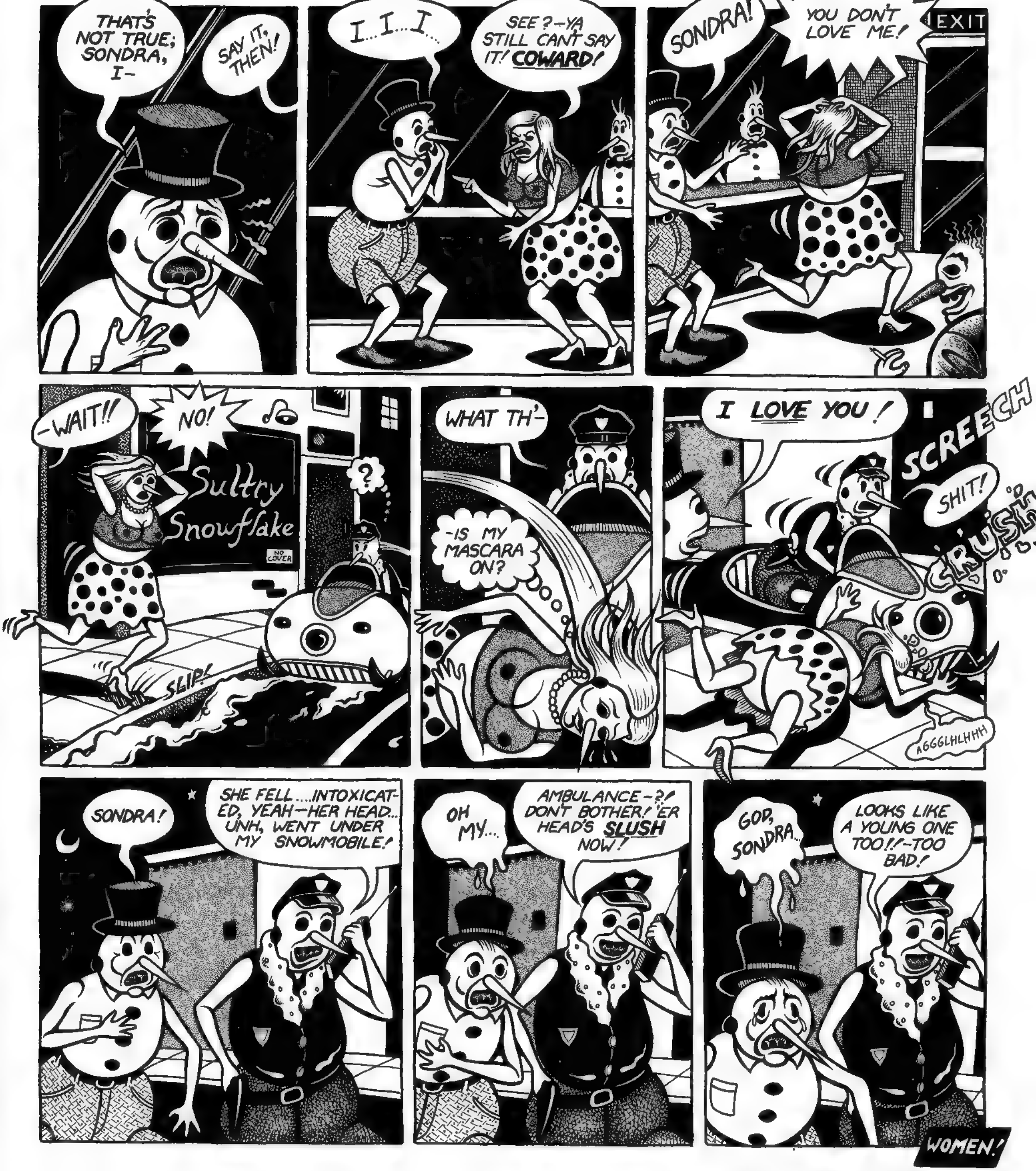

BOB THE SNOW MAN
Sultry Snowflak
DANCERS WANTED
?!!*!?!@!!?
IN
WOMEN!
© '88 GLENN HEAD
SUNDAY NIGHT — ROLLIN' BULL DURHAM TOBACCO, FEELIN' MEAN....
GODDAMMIT!
....HATE CHICAGO! CAN'T EVEN GET A DISHWASHING JOB HERE!
-I'M JUST A MOLDY SNOWMAN WITH TH' DEEP BLUE BLUES!
WHY HELL, I GOT NO JOB, NO MONEY, AN' I LIVE IN A HOLE!
BUT THAT'S NUTTIN' NEW T' ME! I'M TUFF!
SO WHY THE BLUES ?
THIS BROAD — SONDRA SNOWBABE —!!
SLUG
YOU'RE ON SONDRA! SHAKE IT!
THE LOVE OF MY LIFE!

The Character BOB THE SNOWMAN was created by
CARL VIEROW © 1986, 1988


TH' WHORE!! -SHE USETA SHAKE IT IN MY FACE EVERY NIGHT! I THOUGHT ID DIE!
OCCUPANCY BY 450 SNOWMAN IS ETC.
WELL DRINKS
BAR POURS
-TILL TH' TIME SHE WALKED RIGHT UP AND SAID:
YOU LOOK SO SAD.... WHY??
-WHY NOT?
CHICAGO'S A HARD CITY..WHAT D' YA DO HERE?
NOTHING. DRINK. BOTH.
-WHY?
WELL.... IT'S YOUR EYES- THEY'RE SO.... DARK!
-WHY HIM?
WELL DRINKS
THE REST OF YOU ISN'T MUCH.... BUT YOUR EYES- BEAUTIFUL!
....WE MADE IT!! THAT NIGHT- HER PLACE!! -THE BEST FUCK OF MY LIFE!
OH JESUS CHRIST!
-WE SANG TH' NIGHT AWAY!
GOD BLESS AMERICA...
-AN' SHE COOKED ME BREAKFAST!
BOB WE'VE ONLY HAD A NIGHT TOGETHER, BUT I-
SONDRA
$$$
RACING FORM
I LOVE YOU! YA GOT ROUGH HANDS BUT YOU TALK LIKE A POET!
YEAH?
SONDRA


BUZZ
SO GET ME A SCHLITZ, WILLYA? I'M DRY AS A BONE!
OKAY!
SONDRA
RACING FORM
$ $ $
WHAP
SCH
HERE IT IS, ASSHOLE!
SO
WULP!
SLAM!
—YOU AIN'T TH' MAN FOR ME ANYWAY!
AND SO IT WENT...
SHE'D GO OUT....
CAN I BUY YA A DRINK SONDRA?
THANX SUGAR!
AN' COME HOME....
OH BOB, I'M SORRY! BUT THEY NEVER FUCK ME! ONLY YOU DO! I LOVE YOU, BOB!
YEAH, SURE!
BUT SOON ENOUGH....
YEW FUCKIN' ASSHOLE! I'M LEAVIN'!
WHAT A WOMAN!
FINALLY....
5 DAYS NOW! AN' NOT A WORD! HOW C'N SHE DO THIS T' ME?
I'LL SHOW HER!
SHE'LL BE IN HERE—HER SKIRT AROUND 'ER NECK!
Sultry Snowflake
NO COVE

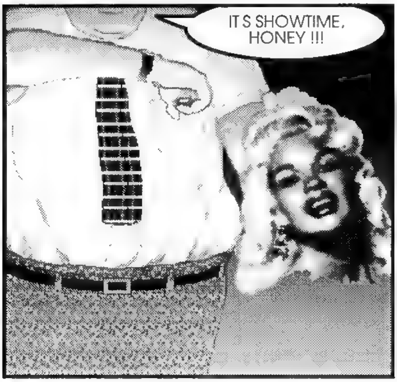

AH-HA!
HA HA HA
WELL, WHAT A' YEW DOIN' HERE? I TOLD YUH....
YOU AIN'T TH' MAN F'ME!
HIC
-IN FACT, TH' WAY I 'MEMBER IT....YOU AIN'T A MAN A-TALL!
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
WHORE!
SMACK
-AAAAAHH!
THUD!
-HELLO POLICE? THIS'S BILL AT THE "SNOWFLAKE"! Y' BETTER SEND A MAN OVA HERE! FAST!!
GRRRR!
YOU DON'T LOVE ME BOB! NO MAN HITS A WOMAN HE LOVES!
-IN ALL THIS TIME YOU NEVER ONCE SAID YA LOVED ME! EVER!
-WHAT KINDA MAN ARE YOU?


THAT'S NOT TRUE; SONDRA, I-
SAY IT, THEN!
I... I... I...
SEE? - YA STILL CAN'T SAY IT! COWARD!
SONDRA!
YOU DON'T LOVE ME!
EXIT
-WAIT!!
NO!
Sultry Snowflake
NO COVER
?
SLIP!
WHAT TH'-
-IS MY MASCARA ON?
I LOVE YOU!
SCREECH
SHIT!
CRUSH
AGGGLHLHHH
SONDRA!
SHE FELL....INTOXICATED, YEAH—HER HEAD... UNH, WENT UNDER MY SNOWMOBILE!
OH MY...
AMBULANCE-?! DON'T BOTHER! 'ER HEAD'S SLUSH NOW!
GOD, SONDRA...
LOOKS LIKE A YOUNG ONE TOO!!-TOO BAD!
WOMEN!

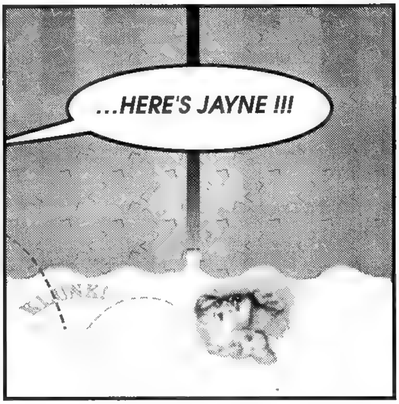
THANX TO CHARLES BUKOWSKI.

THE NIGHT JAYNE MANSFIELD'S HEAD HOSTED THE CARSON SHOW!

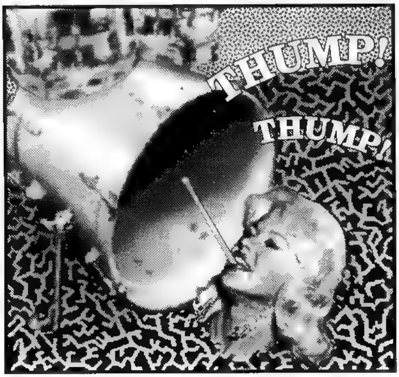
IT HAD BEEN ALMOST ***30 YEARS*** SINCE JAYNE'S LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE, AND SHE WAS ***NERVOUS*** AS SHE WAITED IN THE WINGS...


IT'S SHOWTIME, HONEY !!!

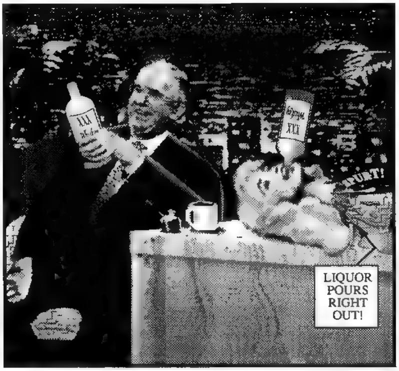
BUT THE AUDIENCE WAS ***WOWED*** BY JAYNE'S ***BIG ENTRANCE...***


...HERE'S JAYNE !!!
PLUNK!

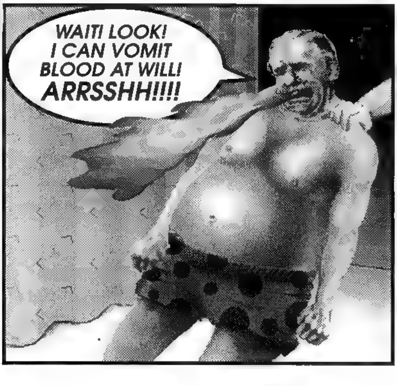
HER MUSICAL NUMBER WITH DOC AND THE BOYS, THE ***DRUM SOLO*** FROM ***"WIPE-OUT!"***, ELICITS A ***STANDING OVATION*** FROM THE ***ENRAPTURED AUDIENCE...***


THUMP!
THUMP!

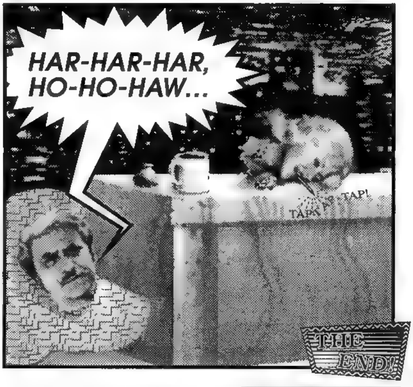
FLUSHED WITH HER SUCCESS, JAYNE CRUELLY TEASES ED, CHALLENGING HIM TO A ***DRINKING CONTEST***, KNOWING FULL WELL THAT SHE HAS AN ***UNFAIR ADVANTAGE...***


XXX
XXX
SPURT!
LIQUOR POURS RIGHT OUT!

THE CRUEL CHARADE IS ENDED WITH ED BEING DRAGGED FROM THE SET IN HIS BOXER SHORTS, ***HIS CAREER AND LIVER IRREVOCABLY RUINED...***


WAIT! LOOK! I CAN VOMIT BLOOD AT WILL! ARRSSHH!!!!

SOME SAY JAYNE DID IT ON PURPOSE, TO GET A ***CO-HOST*** SHE LIKED BETTER, A ***CO-HOST*** SHE COULD SEE EYE TO EYE WITH, THE ***CO-HOST*** OF HER DREAMS, ***VIC MORROW !!!***


HAR-HAR-HAR, HO-HO-HAW...
TAP! TAP! TAP!
THE END!

THE EVER-LOVIN' ADVENTURES OF

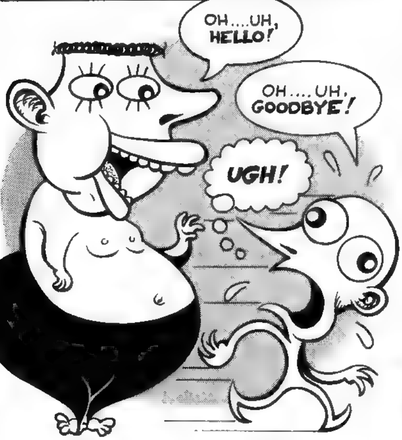
STRETCHPANTS AND BEVERAGE BOTTLES

INVENTED BY D. CARRINO

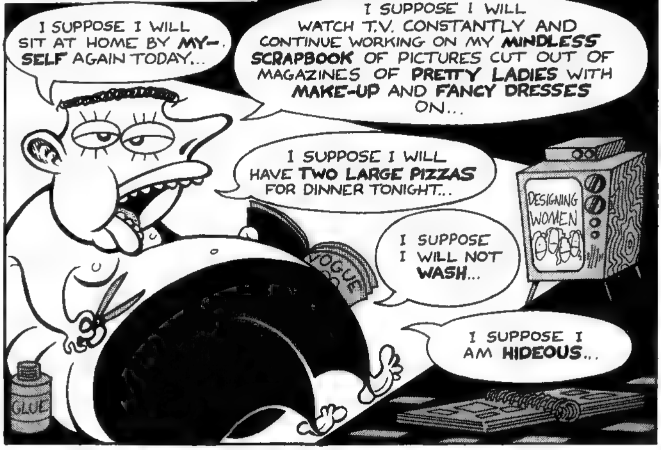
RENDERED BY P. BAGGE

©1989

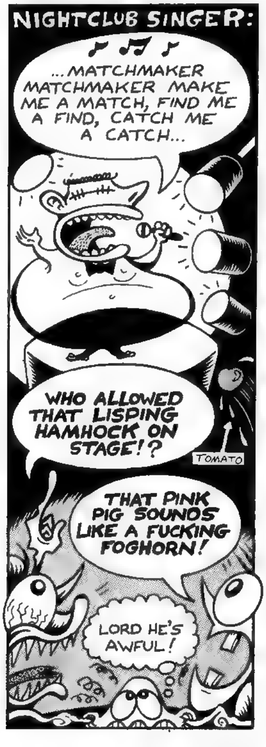
ONCE THERE WAS AN OVERWEIGHT FELLOW NAMED **STRETCHPANTS**.

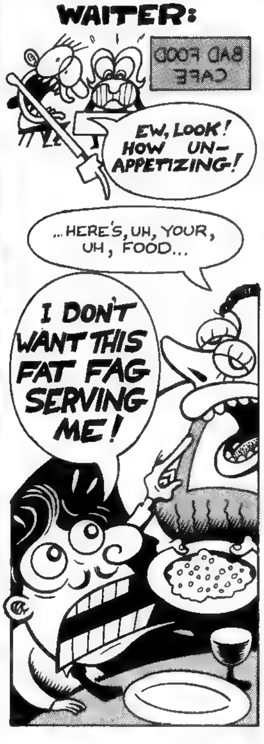

OH....UH, **HELLO**!
OH....UH, **GOODBYE**!
UGH!

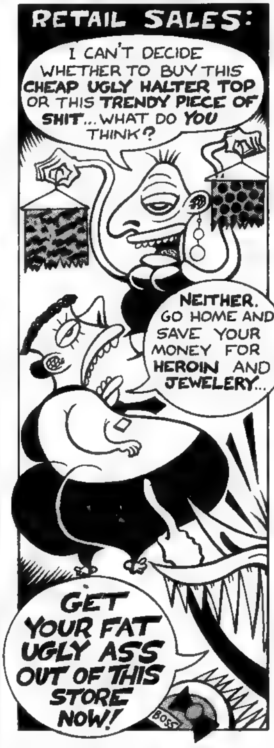
HE OFTEN FELT **LONELY** AND **INADEQUATE**, WHICH WAS NORMAL SINCE HE WAS **BOTH**...

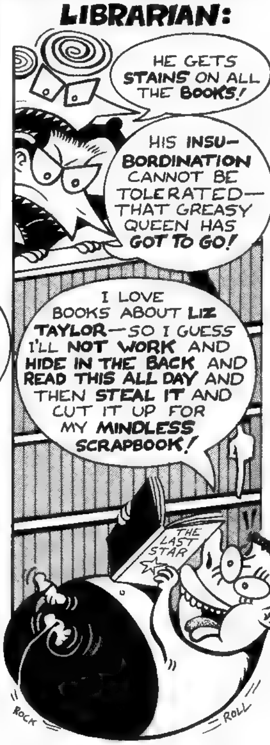

I SUPPOSE I WILL SIT AT HOME BY **MYSELF** AGAIN TODAY...
I SUPPOSE I WILL WATCH T.V. CONSTANTLY AND CONTINUE WORKING ON MY **MINDLESS SCRAPBOOK** OF PICTURES CUT OUT OF MAGAZINES OF **PRETTY LADIES** WITH **MAKE-UP** AND **FANCY DRESSES** ON...
I SUPPOSE I WILL HAVE **TWO LARGE PIZZAS** FOR DINNER TONIGHT...
DESIGNING WOMEN
VOGUE
I SUPPOSE I WILL NOT **WASH**...
I SUPPOSE I AM **HIDEOUS**...
GLUE

EVERY SO OFTEN STRETCHPANTS WOULD TRY TO "DO SOMETHING" WITH HIS LIFE, SUCH AS...

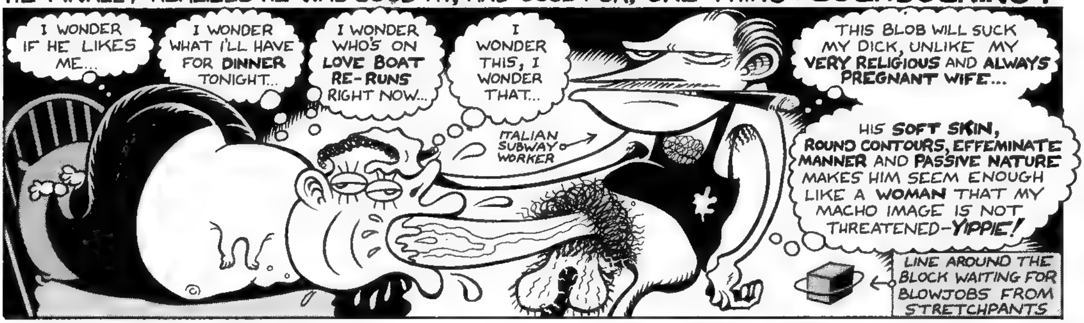

NIGHTCLUB SINGER:
...MATCHMAKER MATCHMAKER MAKE ME A MATCH, FIND ME A FIND, CATCH ME A CATCH...
WHO ALLOWED THAT LISPING HAMHOCK ON STAGE!?
TOMATO
THAT PINK PIG SOUNDS LIKE A FUCKING FOGHORN!
LORD HE'S AWFUL!


WAITER:
BAD FOOD CAFE
EW, LOOK! HOW UN-APPETIZING!
...HERE'S, UH, YOUR, UH, FOOD...
I DON'T WANT THIS FAT FAG SERVING ME!

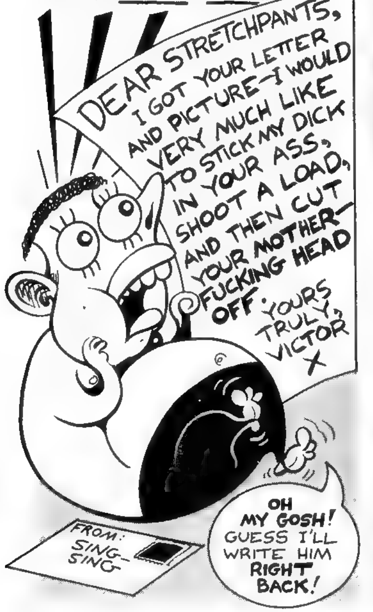

RETAIL SALES:
I CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER TO BUY THIS **CHEAP UGLY HALTER TOP** OR THIS **TRENDY PIECE OF SHIT**...WHAT DO **YOU** THINK?
NEITHER. GO HOME AND SAVE YOUR MONEY FOR **HEROIN** AND **JEWELERY**...
GET YOUR FAT UGLY ASS OUT OF THIS STORE NOW!
BOSS


LIBRARIAN:
HE GETS **STAINS** ON ALL THE **BOOKS**!
HIS **INSUBORDINATION** CANNOT BE TOLERATED—THAT GREASY QUEEN HAS **GOT TO GO**!
I LOVE BOOKS ABOUT **LIZ TAYLOR**—SO I GUESS I'LL **NOT WORK** AND **HIDE IN THE BACK** AND **READ THIS ALL DAY** AND THEN **STEAL IT** AND CUT IT UP FOR MY **MINDLESS SCRAPBOOK**!
THE LAST STAR
ROCK
ROLL

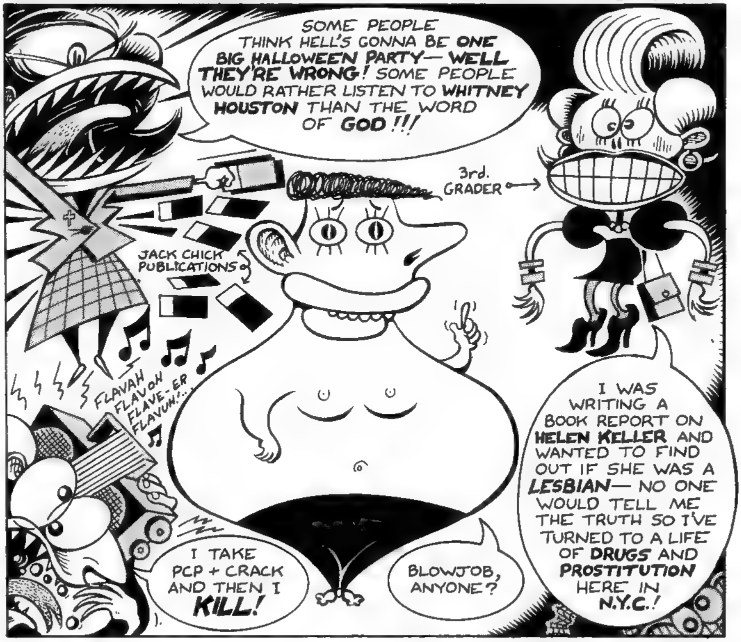
HE FINALLY REALIZED HE WAS GOOD AT, AND GOOD FOR, ONE THING: **COCKSUCKING!**


I WONDER IF HE LIKES ME...
I WONDER WHAT I'LL HAVE FOR **DINNER** TONIGHT...
I WONDER WHO'S ON **LOVE BOAT RE-RUNS** RIGHT NOW...
I WONDER THIS, I WONDER THAT...
THIS BLOB WILL SUCK MY DICK, UNLIKE MY **VERY RELIGIOUS** AND **ALWAYS PREGNANT WIFE...**
HIS **SOFT SKIN, ROUND CONTOURS, EFFEMINATE MANNER** AND **PASSIVE NATURE** MAKES HIM SEEM ENOUGH LIKE A **WOMAN** THAT MY MACHO IMAGE IS NOT THREATENED—**YIPPIE!**
ITALIAN SUBWAY WORKER
LINE AROUND THE BLOCK WAITING FOR BLOWJOBS FROM STRETCHPANTS

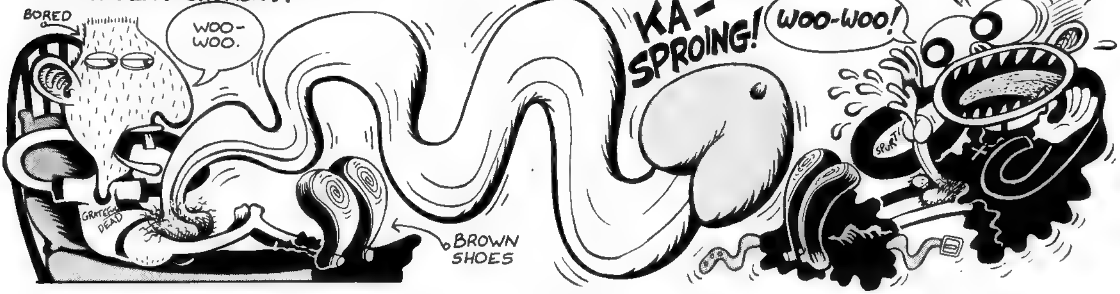
FOR COMPANIONSHIP STRETCHPANTS WOULD CORRESPOND WITH PRISON INMATES WHO PUT ADS IN THE PERSONALS COLUMN OF THE VILLAGE VOICE...


DEAR STRETCHPANTS, I GOT YOUR LETTER AND PICTURE—I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO STICK MY DICK IN YOUR ASS, SHOOT A LOAD, AND THEN CUT YOUR MOTHER-FUCKING HEAD OFF. YOURS TRULY, VICTOR X
OH MY GOSH! GUESS I'LL WRITE HIM **RIGHT BACK!**
FROM: SING-SING

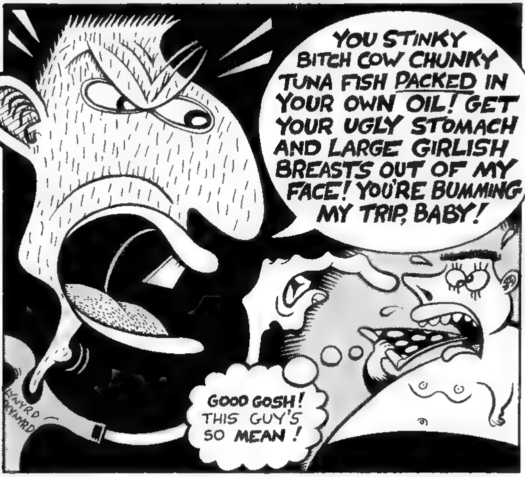
HIS TALENT FOR ORAL SEX, COMBINED WITH HIS LOVE OF THE VIOLENT AND MENTALLY DERANGED, MADE HIM THE PERFECT **MALE WHORE**—STRETCHPANTS SOON BECAME A PERMANENT FIXTURE ON TIMES SQUARE.


SOME PEOPLE THINK HELL'S GONNA BE **ONE BIG HALLOWEEN PARTY— WELL THEY'RE WRONG!** SOME PEOPLE WOULD RATHER LISTEN TO **WHITNEY HOUSTON** THAN THE WORD OF **GOD!!!**
3rd. GRADER
JACK CHICK PUBLICATIONS
FLAVAH FLAVOH FLAVE-ER FLAVUH!...
I TAKE PCP + CRACK AND THEN I **KILL!**
BLOWJOB, ANYONE?
I WAS WRITING A BOOK REPORT ON **HELEN KELLER** AND WANTED TO FIND OUT IF SHE WAS A **LESBIAN**— NO ONE WOULD TELL ME THE TRUTH SO I'VE TURNED TO A LIFE OF **DRUGS** AND **PROSTITUTION** HERE IN **N.Y.C.!**

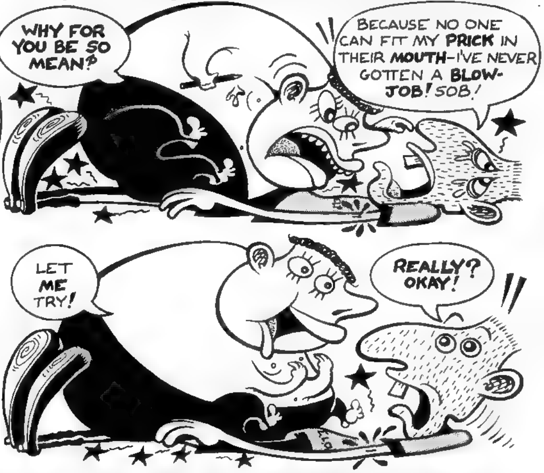
STRETCHPANTS HAD NO COMPETITION ON 42nd. ST. EXCEPT FOR ONE PERSON: AN ACNE-SCARRED JEHOVAH'S WITNESS NAMED **BEVERAGE BOTTLES**— THE MERE **SIGHT** OF HIS MONSTER DICK DROVE HIS CUSTOMERS TO A **VIOLENT ORGASM!**


BORED
WOO-WOO.
KA-SPROING!
WOO-WOO!
SPURT!
GRATEFUL DEAD
BROWN SHOES

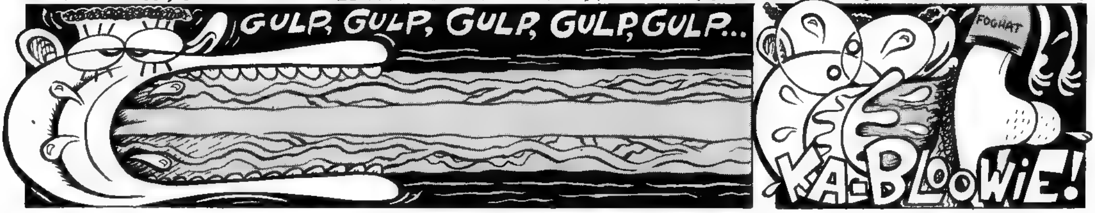
BEVERAGE BOTTLES WOULD OFTEN **HARRASS** STRETCHPANTS, WHO AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK ONLY WANTED TO INNOCENTLY WOLF DOWN SOME PIZZA SLICES.


YOU STINKY BITCH COW CHUNKY TUNA FISH PACKED IN YOUR OWN OIL! GET YOUR UGLY STOMACH AND LARGE GIRLISH BREASTS OUT OF MY FACE! YOU'RE BUMMING MY TRIP, BABY!
LYNYRD SKYNYRD
GOOD GOSH! THIS GUY'S SO MEAN!

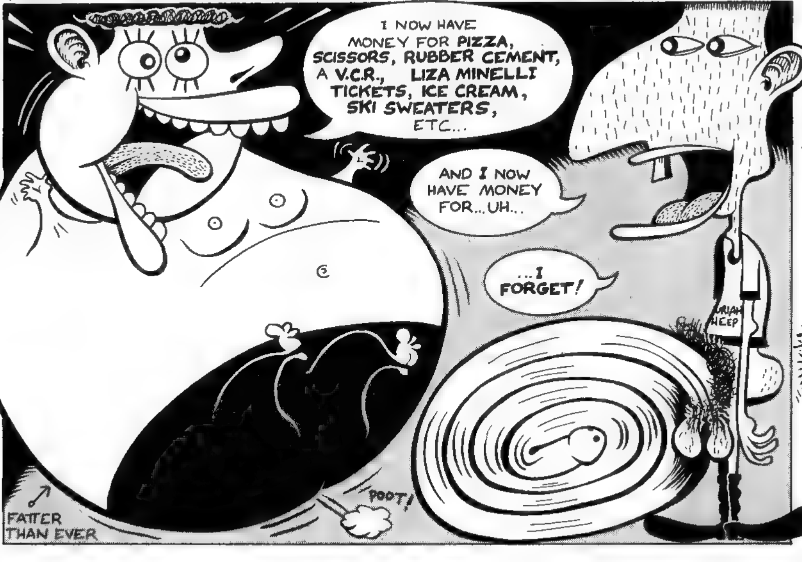
PUSHED TO THE END OF HIS ROPE, STRETCHPANTS ONE DAY **STABBED** BEVERAGE BOTTLES WITH A BALL POINT PEN AND **SAT** ON HIM UNTIL HE EXPLAINED WHY HE ACTED SO **MEAN** AND **CRABBY** ALL OF THE TIME...

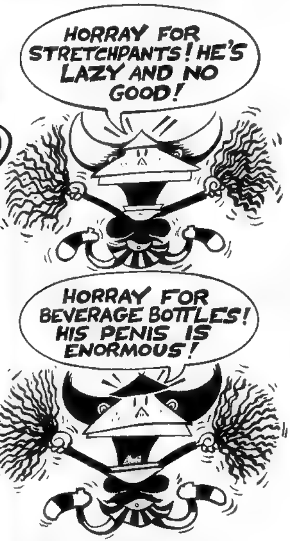

WHY FOR YOU BE SO MEAN?
BECAUSE NO ONE CAN FIT MY PRICK IN THEIR MOUTH—I'VE NEVER GOTTEN A BLOW-JOB! SOB!
LET ME TRY!
REALLY? OKAY!

SO OF COURSE, STRETCHPANTS BEING THE BEST OF ALL, FIT THE **WHOLE DING-DANG THING** IN HIS MOUTH.


GULP, GULP, GULP, GULP, GULP...
FOGHAT
KA-BLOOWIE!

THEY BECAME AN INSTANT "ITEM" AND SHARED ALL THE MONEY THEY MADE AS WHORES. IT ALL WORKED OUT FINE—ONE SUCKED AND THE OTHER GOT SUCKED—A **PERFECT TEAM**! AND THEY BECAME SO WEALTHY THAT THEY CAN NOW AFFORD TO BUY EVERYTHING THEY WANT! **AIN'T LOVE GRAND?**


I NOW HAVE MONEY FOR PIZZA, SCISSORS, RUBBER CEMENT, A V.C.R., LIZA MINELLI TICKETS, ICE CREAM, SKI SWEATERS, ETC...
AND I NOW HAVE MONEY FOR... UH...
...I FORGET!
URIAH HEEP
POOT!
FATTER THAN EVER

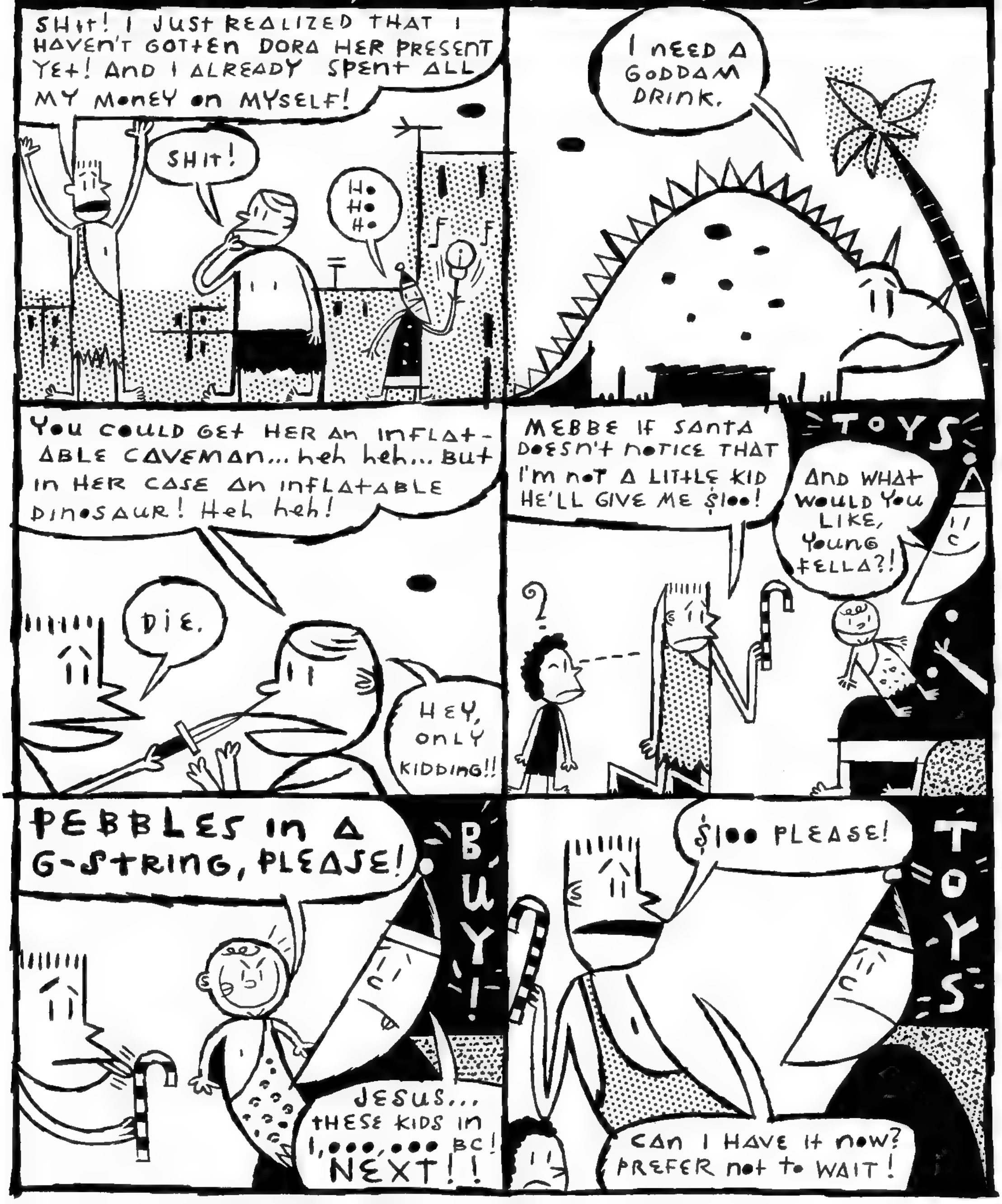

HORRAY FOR STRETCHPANTS! HE'S LAZY AND NO GOOD!
HORRAY FOR BEVERAGE BOTTLES! HIS PENIS IS ENORMOUS!

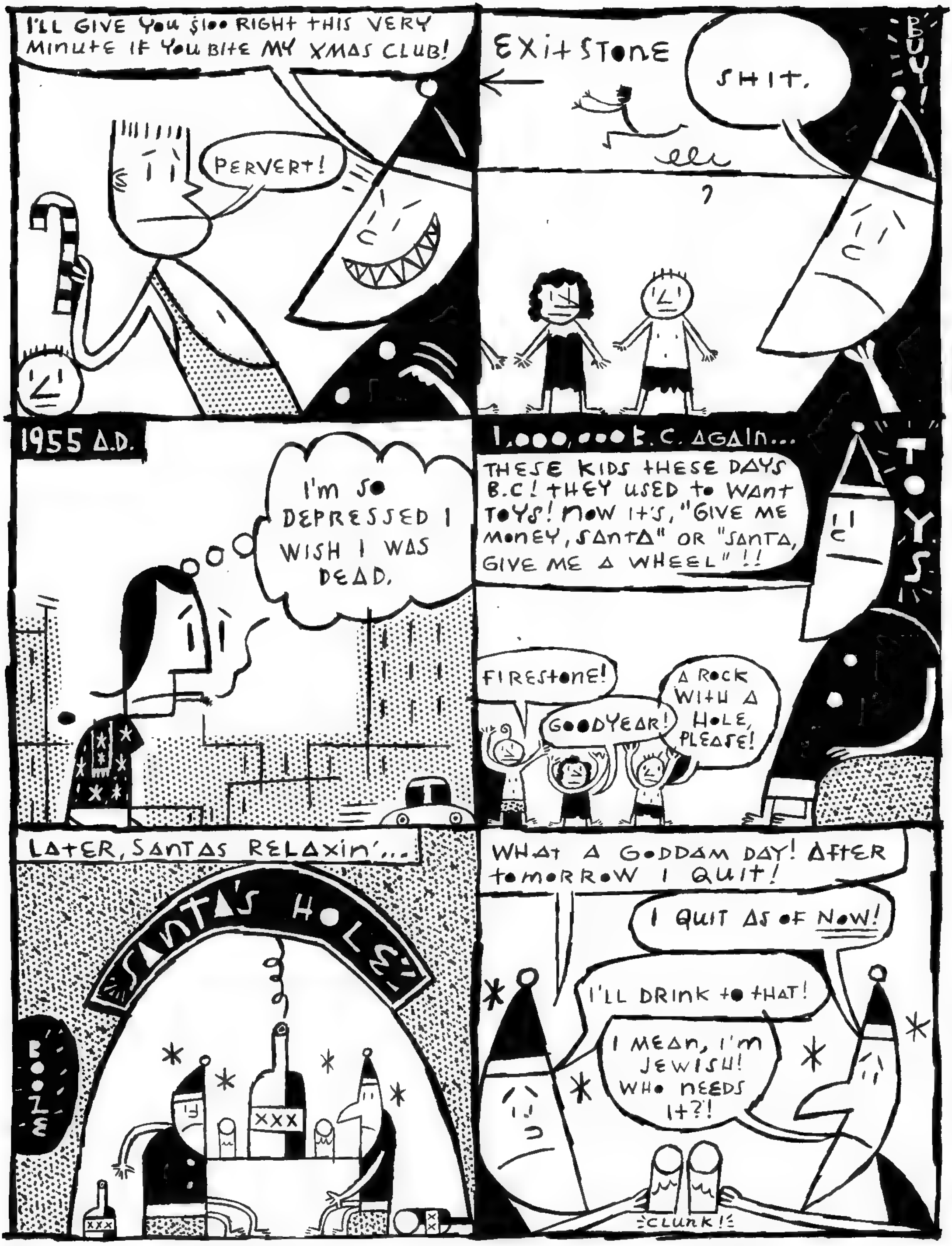
AND THE BALL POINT PEN WOUNDS WERE TURNED INTO TATTOOS OF A RELIGIOUS NATURE.

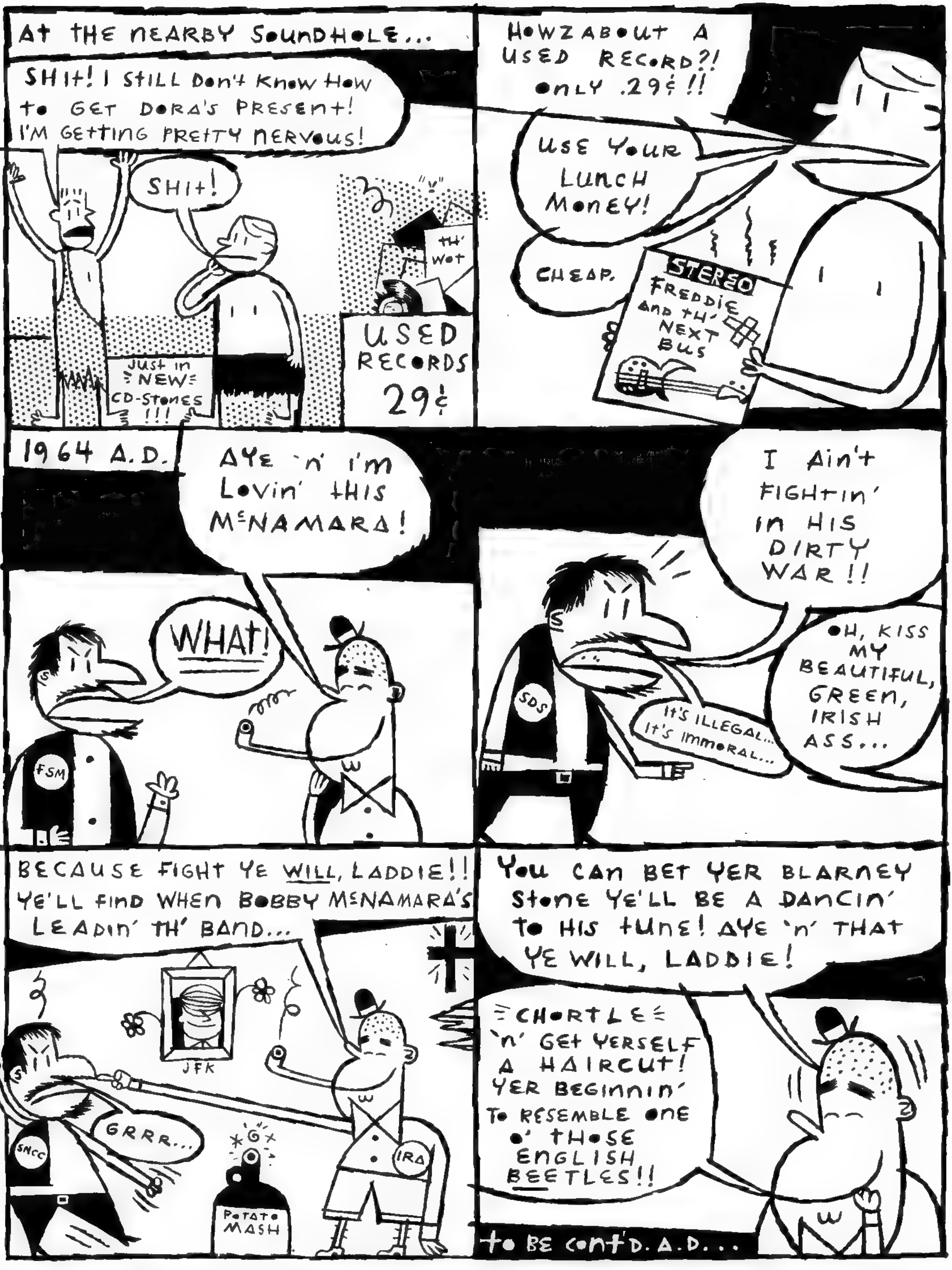
THE END!

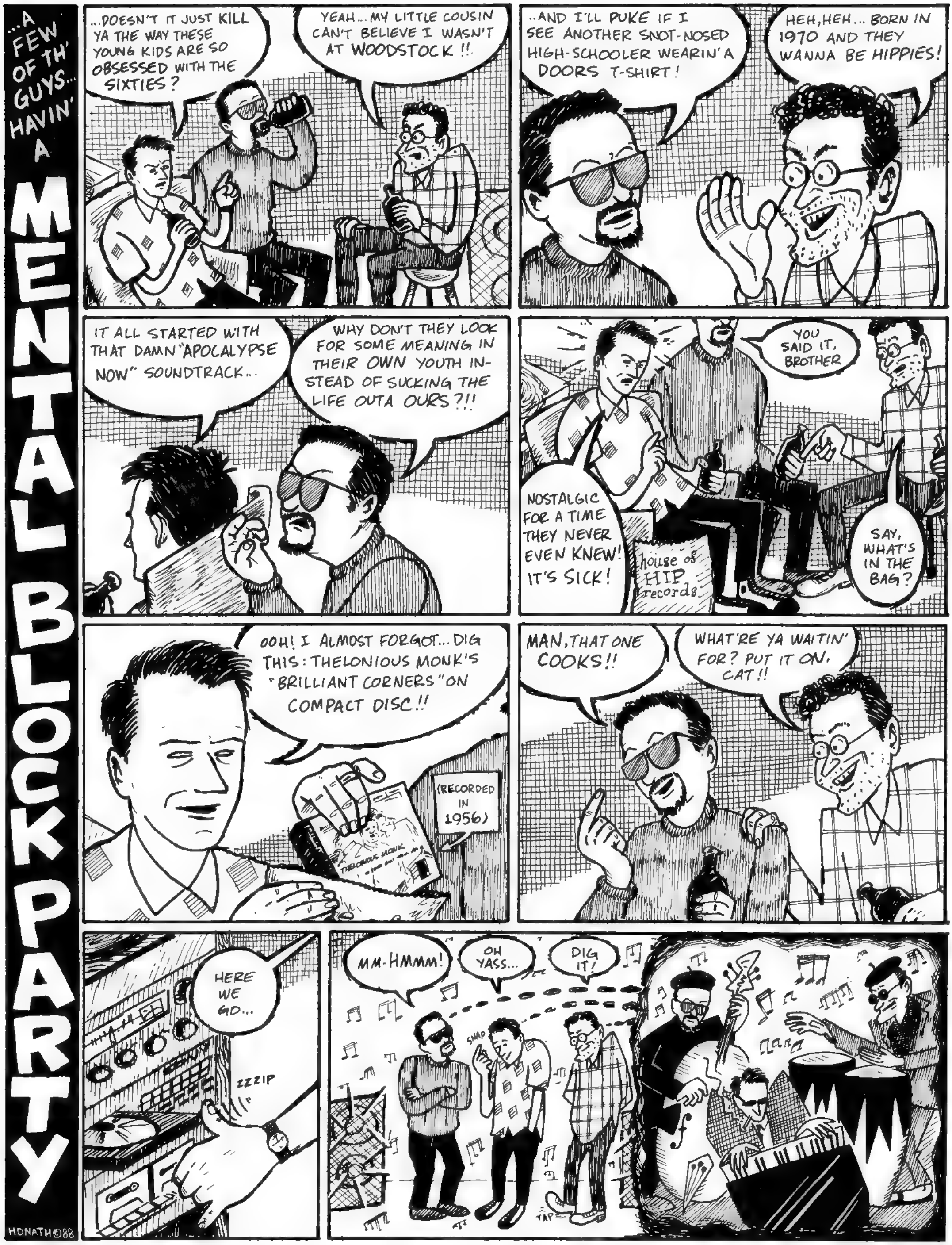
CHRISTMAS 1,000,000 B.C.

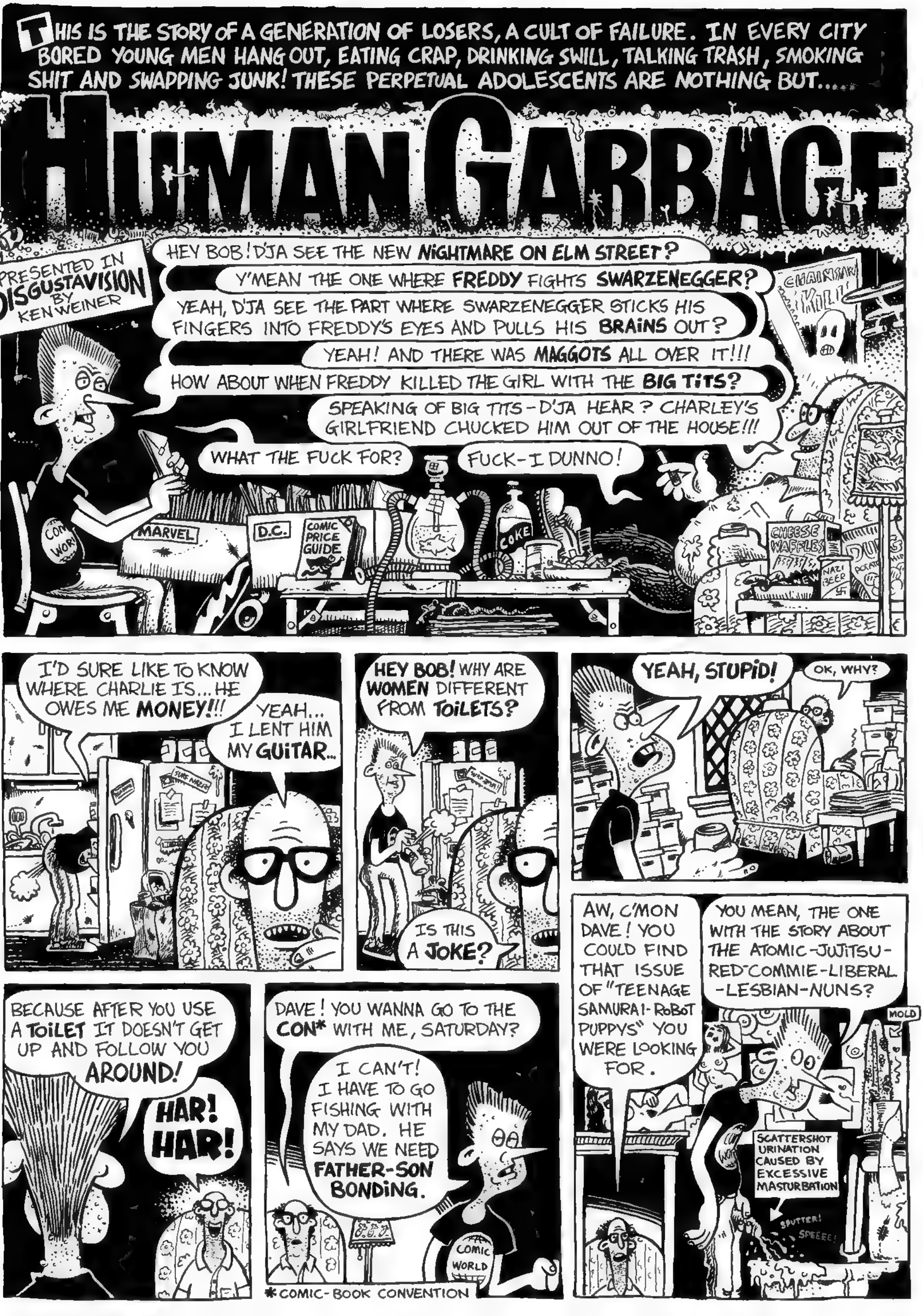
PAGES 1 & 2 co-written by Alice Sebold, the rest is by J.D. King © 1989 A D

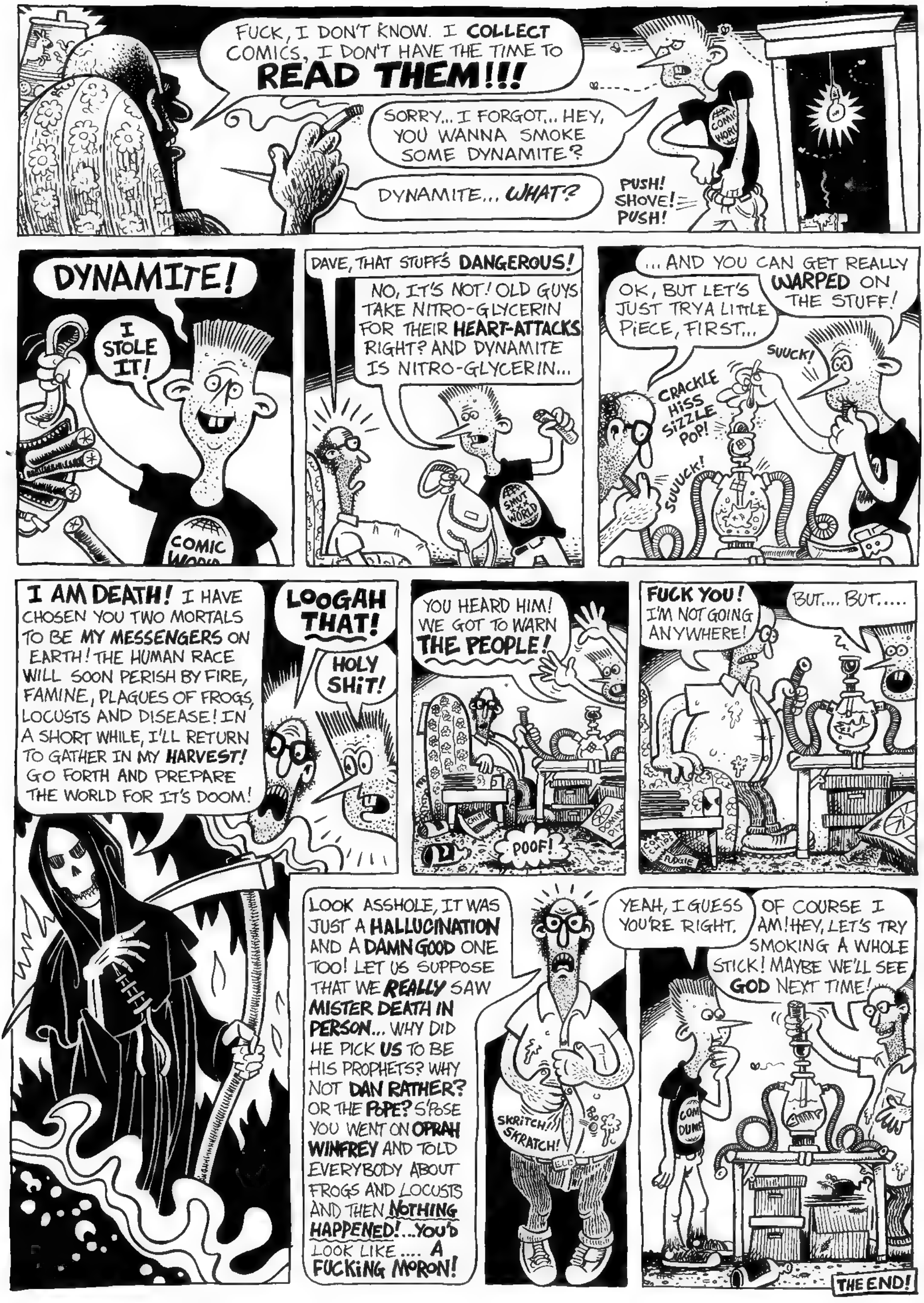

SHIT! I JUST REALIZED THAT I HAVEN'T GOTTEN DORA HER PRESENT YET! AND I ALREADY SPENT ALL MY MONEY ON MYSELF!
SHIT!
HO HO HO
I NEED A GODDAM DRINK.
YOU COULD GET HER AN INFLATABLE CAVEMAN... heh heh... BUT IN HER CASE AN INFLATABLE DINOSAUR! Heh heh!
DIE.
HEY, ONLY KIDDING!!
MEBBE IF SANTA DOESN'T NOTICE THAT I'M NOT A LITTLE KID HE'LL GIVE ME $100!
TOYS
AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE, YOUNG FELLA?!
?
PEBBLES IN A G-STRING, PLEASE!
BUY!
JESUS... THESE KIDS IN 1,000,000 BC! NEXT!!
$100 PLEASE!
TOYS
CAN I HAVE IT NOW? PREFER NOT TO WAIT!

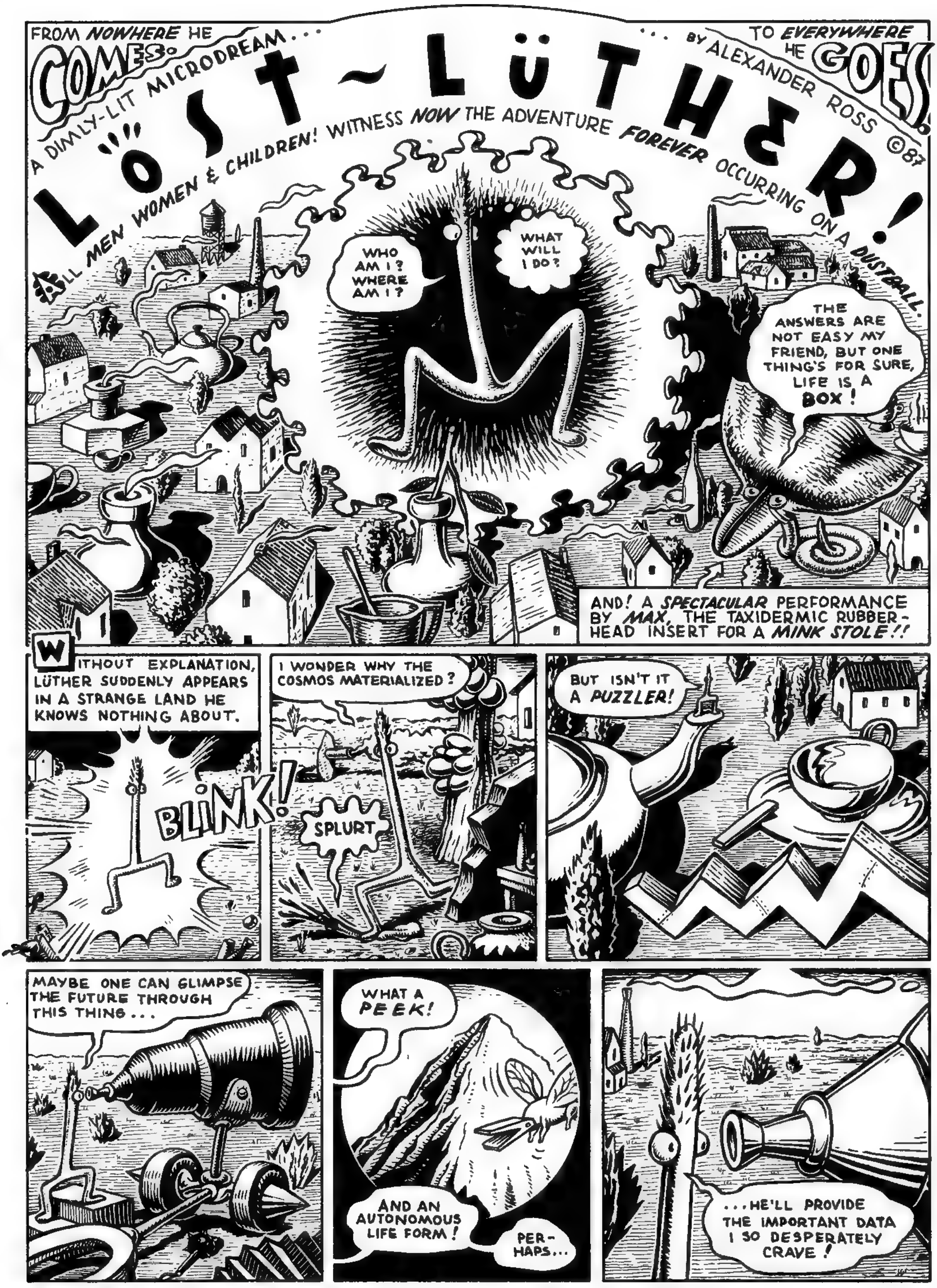

I'LL GIVE YOU $100 RIGHT THIS VERY MINUTE IF YOU BITE MY XMAS CLUB!
PERVERT!
EXIT STONE
SHIT.
BUY!
1955 A.D.
I'm SO DEPRESSED I WISH I WAS DEAD.
1,000,000 B.C. AGAIN...
THESE KIDS THESE DAYS B.C! THEY USED TO WANT TOYS! NOW IT'S, "GIVE ME MONEY, SANTA" OR "SANTA, GIVE ME A WHEEL"!!
TOYS
FIRESTONE!
GOODYEAR!
A ROCK WITH A HOLE, PLEASE!
LATER, SANTAS RELAXIN'...
SANTA'S HOLE
BOOZE
XXX
XXX
WHAT A GODDAM DAY! AFTER TOMORROW I QUIT!
I QUIT AS OF NOW!
I'LL DRINK TO THAT!
I MEAN, I'M JEWISH! WHO NEEDS IT?!
CLUNK!

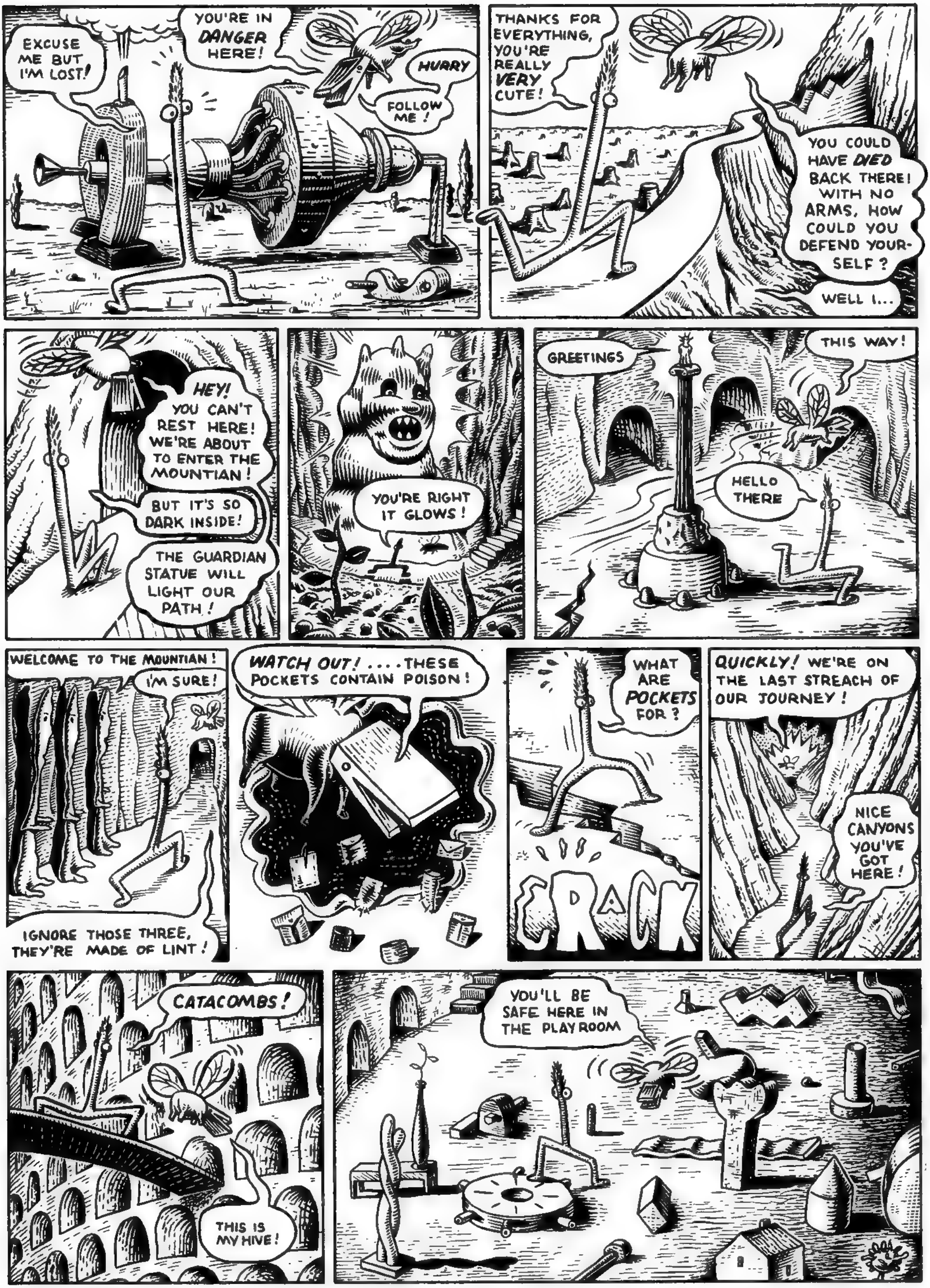

AT THE NEARBY SOUNDHOLE...
SHIT! I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW TO GET DORA'S PRESENT! I'M GETTING PRETTY NERVOUS!
SHIT!
JUST IN NEW CD-STONES !!!
TH' WOT
USED RECORDS 29¢
HOWZABOUT A USED RECORD?! ONLY .29¢ !!
USE YOUR LUNCH MONEY!
CHEAP.
STEREO FREDDIE AND TH' NEXT BUS
1964 A.D.
AYE 'N' I'M LOVIN' THIS McNAMARA!
WHAT!
FSM
I AIN'T FIGHTIN' IN HIS DIRTY WAR!!
OH, KISS MY BEAUTIFUL, GREEN, IRISH ASS...
IT'S ILLEGAL... IT'S IMMORAL...
SDS
BECAUSE FIGHT YE WILL, LADDIE!! YE'LL FIND WHEN BOBBY McNAMARA'S LEADIN' TH' BAND...
JFK
GRRR...
SNCC
G
POTATO MASH
IRA
YOU CAN BET YER BLARNEY STONE YE'LL BE A DANCIN' TO HIS TUNE! AYE 'N' THAT YE WILL, LADDIE!
CHORTLE 'N' GET YERSELF A HAIRCUT! YER BEGINNIN' TO RESEMBLE ONE O' THOSE ENGLISH BEETLES!!
TO BE CONT'D. A.D. . .

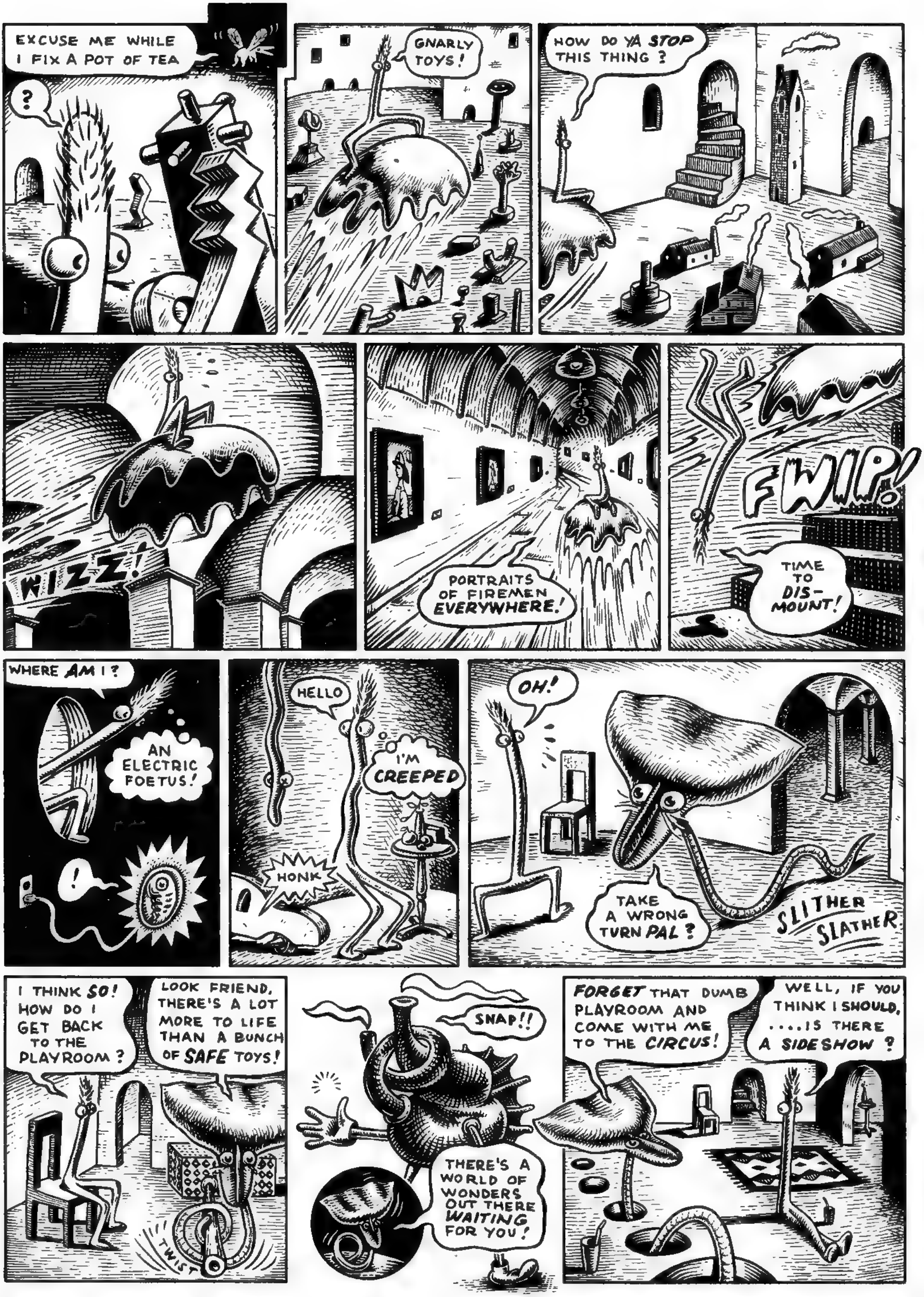

...A FEW OF TH' GUYS... HAVIN' A
MENTAL BLOCK PARTY
...DOESN'T IT JUST KILL YA THE WAY THESE YOUNG KIDS ARE SO OBSESSED WITH THE SIXTIES?
YEAH... MY LITTLE COUSIN CAN'T BELIEVE I WASN'T AT WOODSTOCK !!
...AND I'LL PUKE IF I SEE ANOTHER SNOT-NOSED HIGH-SCHOOLER WEARIN' A DOORS T-SHIRT!
HEH, HEH... BORN IN 1970 AND THEY WANNA BE HIPPIES!
IT ALL STARTED WITH THAT DAMN "APOCALYPSE NOW" SOUNDTRACK...
WHY DON'T THEY LOOK FOR SOME MEANING IN THEIR OWN YOUTH INSTEAD OF SUCKING THE LIFE OUTA OURS?!!
YOU SAID IT, BROTHER
NOSTALGIC FOR A TIME THEY NEVER EVEN KNEW! IT'S SICK!
house of HIP records
SAY, WHAT'S IN THE BAG?
OOH! I ALMOST FORGOT... DIG THIS: THELONIOUS MONK'S "BRILLIANT CORNERS" ON COMPACT DISC!!
THELONIOUS MONK
(RECORDED IN 1956)
MAN, THAT ONE COOKS!!
WHAT'RE YA WAITIN' FOR? PUT IT ON, CAT!!
HERE WE GO...
ZZZIP
MM-HMMM!
OH YASS...
DIG IT!
SNAP
TAP
HONATH©88

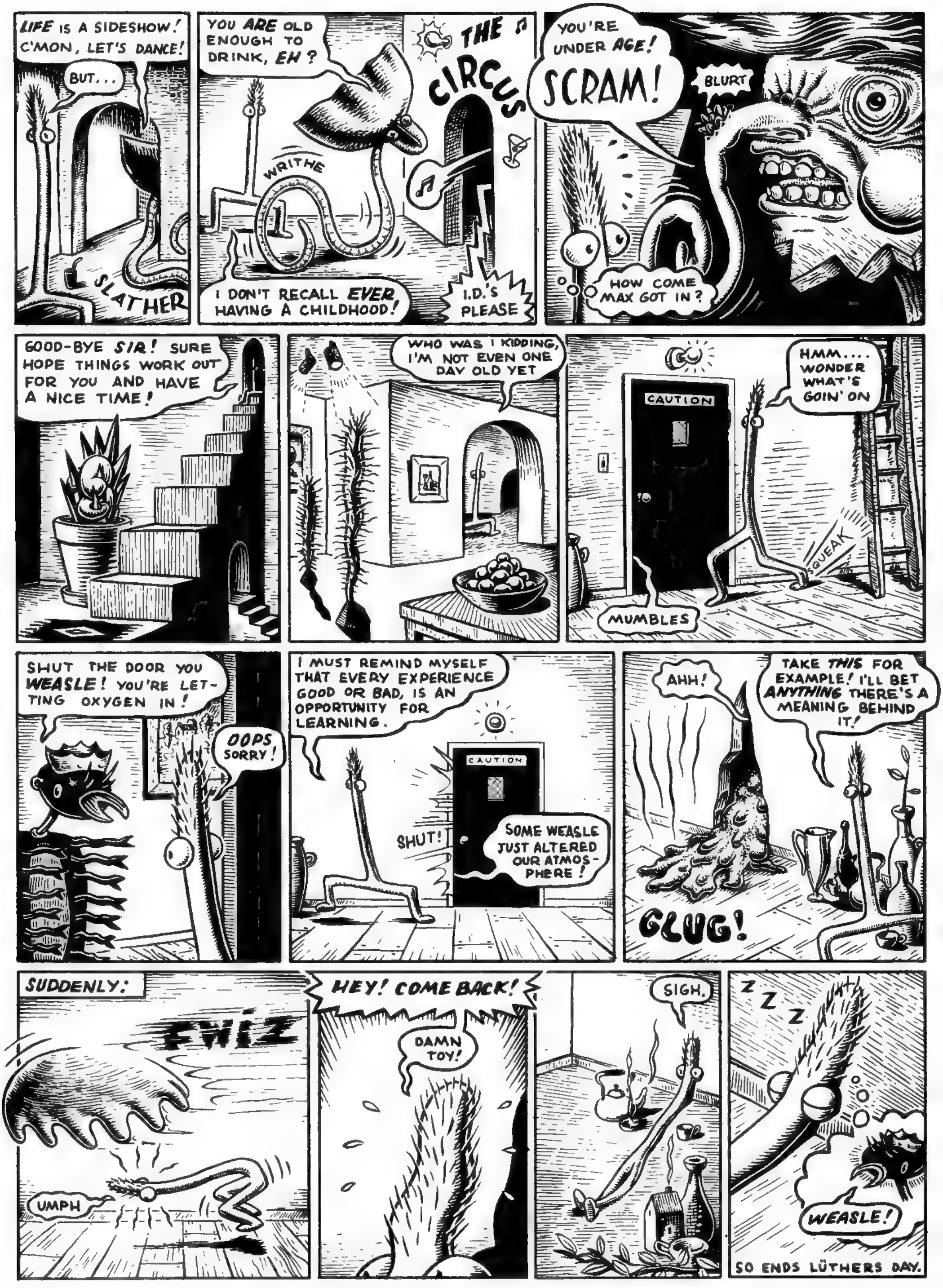

THIS IS THE STORY OF A GENERATION OF LOSERS, A CULT OF FAILURE. IN EVERY CITY BORED YOUNG MEN HANG OUT, EATING CRAP, DRINKING SWILL, TALKING TRASH, SMOKING SHIT AND SWAPPING JUNK! THESE PERPETUAL ADOLESCENTS ARE NOTHING BUT....
HUMAN GARBAGE
PRESENTED IN DISGUSTAVISION BY KEN WEINER
HEY BOB! D'JA SEE THE NEW NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET?
Y'MEAN THE ONE WHERE FREDDY FIGHTS SWARZENEGGER?
YEAH, D'JA SEE THE PART WHERE SWARZENEGGER STICKS HIS FINGERS INTO FREDDY'S EYES AND PULLS HIS BRAINS OUT?
YEAH! AND THERE WAS MAGGOTS ALL OVER IT!!!
HOW ABOUT WHEN FREDDY KILLED THE GIRL WITH THE BIG TITS?
SPEAKING OF BIG TITS - D'JA HEAR? CHARLEY'S GIRLFRIEND CHUCKED HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE!!!
WHAT THE FUCK FOR?
FUCK - I DUNNO!
CHAINSAW KILL
MARVEL
D.C.
COMIC PRICE GUIDE
COKE
CHEESE WAFFLES
NEW
NAZI BEER
DUNG POTATO CHIPS
I'D SURE LIKE TO KNOW WHERE CHARLIE IS... HE OWES ME MONEY!!!
YEAH... I LENT HIM MY GUITAR...
SURF NAZIS
HEY BOB! WHY ARE WOMEN DIFFERENT FROM TOILETS?
IS THIS A JOKE?
YEAH, STUPID!
OK, WHY?
BECAUSE AFTER YOU USE A TOILET IT DOESN'T GET UP AND FOLLOW YOU AROUND!
HAR! HAR!
DAVE! YOU WANNA GO TO THE CON* WITH ME, SATURDAY?
I CAN'T! I HAVE TO GO FISHING WITH MY DAD. HE SAYS WE NEED FATHER-SON BONDING.
COMIC WORLD
AW, C'MON DAVE! YOU COULD FIND THAT ISSUE OF "TEENAGE SAMURAI-ROBOT PUPPYS" YOU WERE LOOKING FOR.
YOU MEAN, THE ONE WITH THE STORY ABOUT THE ATOMIC-JUJITSU-RED-COMMIE-LIBERAL-LESBIAN-NUNS?
MOLD
SCATTERSHOT URINATION CAUSED BY EXCESSIVE MASTURBATION
SPUTTER! SPEEEE!
*COMIC-BOOK CONVENTION

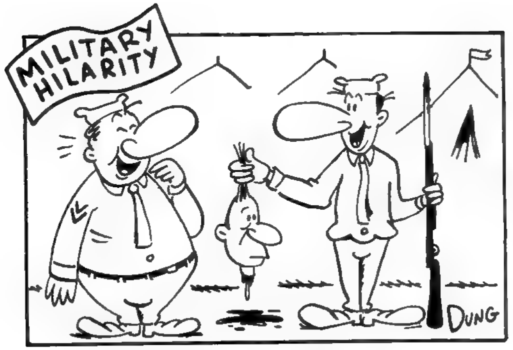

FUCK, I DON'T KNOW. I COLLECT COMICS, I DON'T HAVE THE TIME TO READ THEM!!!
SORRY... I FORGOT... HEY, YOU WANNA SMOKE SOME DYNAMITE?
DYNAMITE... WHAT?
PUSH! SHOVE! PUSH!
COMIC WORLD
DYNAMITE!
I STOLE IT!
COMIC WORLD
DAVE, THAT STUFF'S DANGEROUS!
NO, IT'S NOT! OLD GUYS TAKE NITRO-GLYCERIN FOR THEIR HEART-ATTACKS RIGHT? AND DYNAMITE IS NITRO-GLYCERIN...
SMUT WORLD
...AND YOU CAN GET REALLY WARPED ON THE STUFF!
OK, BUT LET'S JUST TRY A LITTLE PIECE, FIRST...
SUUCK!
CRACKLE HISS SIZZLE POP!
SUUUCK!
I AM DEATH! I HAVE CHOSEN YOU TWO MORTALS TO BE MY MESSENGERS ON EARTH! THE HUMAN RACE WILL SOON PERISH BY FIRE, FAMINE, PLAGUES OF FROGS, LOCUSTS AND DISEASE! IN A SHORT WHILE, I'LL RETURN TO GATHER IN MY HARVEST! GO FORTH AND PREPARE THE WORLD FOR IT'S DOOM!
LOOGAH THAT!
HOLY SHIT!
YOU HEARD HIM! WE GOT TO WARN THE PEOPLE!
CHIPS
POOF!
FUCK YOU! I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
BUT.... BUT.....
CORN CHIPS
FUDGIE
LOOK ASSHOLE, IT WAS JUST A HALLUCINATION AND A DAMN GOOD ONE TOO! LET US SUPPOSE THAT WE REALLY SAW MISTER DEATH IN PERSON... WHY DID HE PICK US TO BE HIS PROPHETS? WHY NOT DAN RATHER? OR THE POPE? S'POSE YOU WENT ON OPRAH WINFREY AND TOLD EVERYBODY ABOUT FROGS AND LOCUSTS AND THEN NOTHING HAPPENED!...YOU'D LOOK LIKE.... A FUCKING MORON!
SKRITCH! SKRATCH!
YEAH, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.
OF COURSE I AM! HEY, LET'S TRY SMOKING A WHOLE STICK! MAYBE WE'LL SEE GOD NEXT TIME!
COMIC DUMP
THE END!


FROM NOWHERE HE COMES.
A DIMLY-LIT MICRODREAM...
LÖST-LÜTHER!
... BY ALEXANDER ROSS ©87
TO EVERYWHERE HE GOES.
ALL MEN WOMEN & CHILDREN! WITNESS NOW THE ADVENTURE FOREVER OCCURRING ON A DUSTBALL.
WHO AM I? WHERE AM I?
WHAT WILL I DO?
THE ANSWERS ARE NOT EASY MY FRIEND, BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE, LIFE IS A BOX!
AND! A SPECTACULAR PERFORMANCE BY MAX, THE TAXIDERMIC RUBBER-HEAD INSERT FOR A MINK STOLE!!
WITHOUT EXPLANATION, LÜTHER SUDDENLY APPEARS IN A STRANGE LAND HE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT.
BLINK!
I WONDER WHY THE COSMOS MATERIALIZED?
SPLURT
BUT ISN'T IT A PUZZLER!
MAYBE ONE CAN GLIMPSE THE FUTURE THROUGH THIS THING...
WHAT A PEEK!
AND AN AUTONOMOUS LIFE FORM!
PER-HAPS...
...HE'LL PROVIDE THE IMPORTANT DATA I SO DESPERATELY CRAVE!

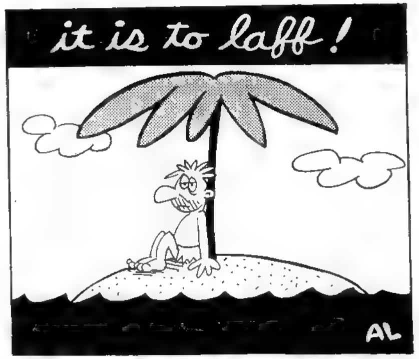

EXCUSE ME BUT I'M LOST!
YOU'RE IN DANGER HERE!
HURRY
FOLLOW ME!
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, YOU'RE REALLY VERY CUTE!
YOU COULD HAVE DIED BACK THERE! WITH NO ARMS, HOW COULD YOU DEFEND YOURSELF?
WELL I...
HEY! YOU CAN'T REST HERE! WE'RE ABOUT TO ENTER THE MOUNTIAN!
BUT IT'S SO DARK INSIDE!
THE GUARDIAN STATUE WILL LIGHT OUR PATH!
YOU'RE RIGHT IT GLOWS!
GREETINGS
THIS WAY!
HELLO THERE
WELCOME TO THE MOUNTIAN!
I'M SURE!
IGNORE THOSE THREE, THEY'RE MADE OF LINT!
WATCH OUT! .... THESE POCKETS CONTAIN POISON!
WHAT ARE POCKETS FOR?
CRACK
QUICKLY! WE'RE ON THE LAST STREACH OF OUR JOURNEY!
NICE CANYONS YOU'VE GOT HERE!
CATACOMBS!
THIS IS MY HIVE!
YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE IN THE PLAYROOM


EXCUSE ME WHILE I FIX A POT OF TEA
?
GNARLY TOYS!
HOW DO YA *STOP* THIS THING?
WIZZZ!
PORTRAITS OF FIREMEN *EVERYWHERE!*
FWIP!
TIME TO DIS-MOUNT!
WHERE *AM* I?
AN ELECTRIC FOETUS!
!
HELLO
I'M *CREEPED*
HONK
OH!
TAKE A WRONG TURN *PAL*?
SLITHER SLATHER
I THINK *SO*! HOW DO I GET BACK TO THE PLAYROOM?
LOOK FRIEND, THERE'S A LOT MORE TO LIFE THAN A BUNCH OF *SAFE* TOYS!
TWIST
SNAP!!
THERE'S A WORLD OF WONDERS OUT THERE *WAITING* FOR YOU!
FORGET THAT DUMB PLAYROOM AND COME WITH ME TO THE *CIRCUS*!
WELL, IF YOU THINK I SHOULD, ...IS THERE A *SIDESHOW*?

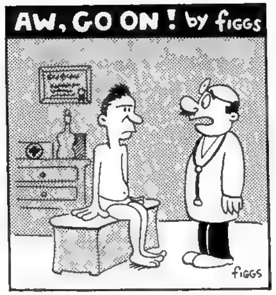

LIFE IS A SIDESHOW! C'MON, LET'S DANCE!
BUT...
SLATHER
YOU ARE OLD ENOUGH TO DRINK, EH?
THE CIRCUS
WRITHE
1
I DON'T RECALL EVER HAVING A CHILDHOOD!
I.D.'S PLEASE
YOU'RE UNDER AGE! SCRAM!
BLURT
HOW COME MAX GOT IN?
GOOD-BYE SIR! SURE HOPE THINGS WORK OUT FOR YOU AND HAVE A NICE TIME!
WHO WAS I KIDDING, I'M NOT EVEN ONE DAY OLD YET
CAUTION
HMM.... WONDER WHAT'S GOIN' ON
SQUEAK
MUMBLES
SHUT THE DOOR YOU WEASLE! YOU'RE LETTING OXYGEN IN!
OOPS SORRY!
I MUST REMIND MYSELF THAT EVERY EXPERIENCE GOOD OR BAD, IS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR LEARNING.
CAUTION
SHUT!
SOME WEASLE JUST ALTERED OUR ATMOSPHERE!
AHH!
TAKE THIS FOR EXAMPLE! I'LL BET ANYTHING THERE'S A MEANING BEHIND IT!
GLUG!
SUDDENLY:
FWIZ
UMPH
HEY! COME BACK!
DAMN TOY!
SIGH.
Z Z Z
WEASLE!
SO ENDS LÜTHERS DAY.


MILITARY HILARITY
DUNG

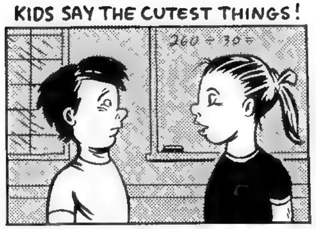
"IT'S MY NEW AIDS CURE!"


it is to laff!
AL

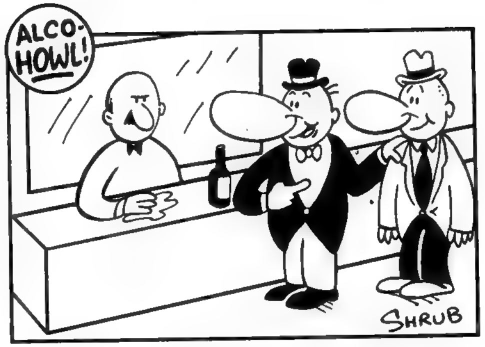
"I GUESS I'LL DIE SOON!"


AW, GO ON! by figgs
figgs

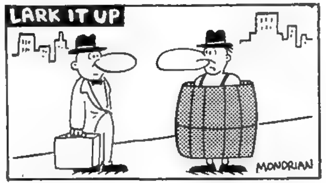
"FUNNY, I THOUGHT YOU'D DIED."


KIDS SAY THE CUTEST THINGS!
260 ÷ 30 =

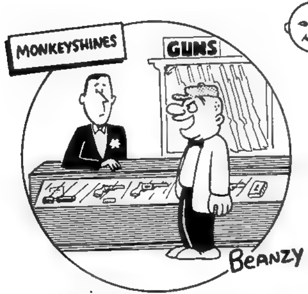
"EDGAR, YOU FAGGOT."


ALCO-HOWL!
SHRUB

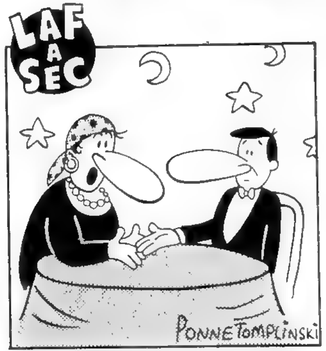
"HIS DAUGHTER HAS AIDS!"


LARK IT UP
MONDRIAN

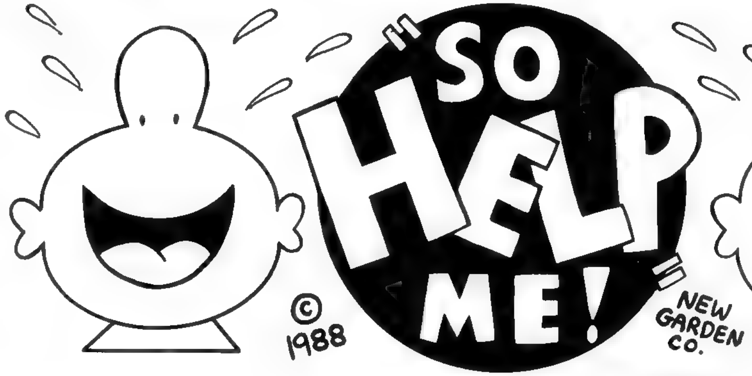
" ME?– I'M VERY, VERY POOR. "

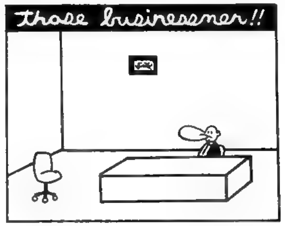

MONKEYSHINES
GUNS
BEANZY

"I WANT TO PUT A 6" HOLE IN MY MOTHER-IN-LAW'S LEFT BREAST."

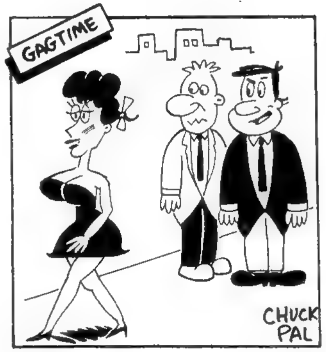

LAF A SEC
PONNETOMPLINSKI

"NO ONE WILL LOVE YOU AND YOU'LL DIE ALONE."

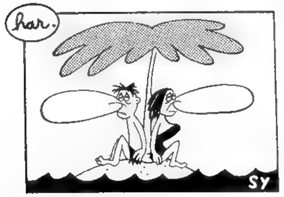

"SO HELP ME!"
© 1988
NEW GARDEN CO.


those businessmen!!

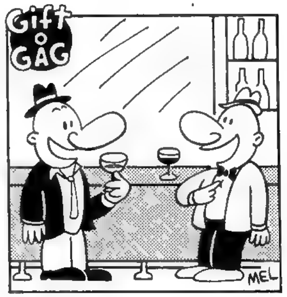
"I LIKE ART."


GAGTIME
CHUCK PAL

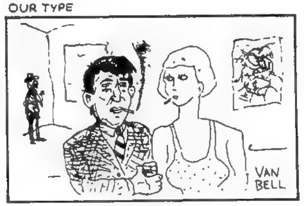
" THERE GOES HELEN."



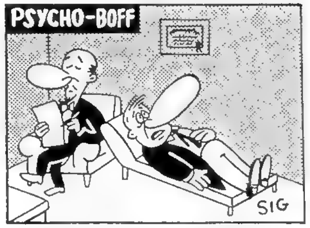
"FIRST ONE TO DIE WINS."


Gift o Gag
MEL

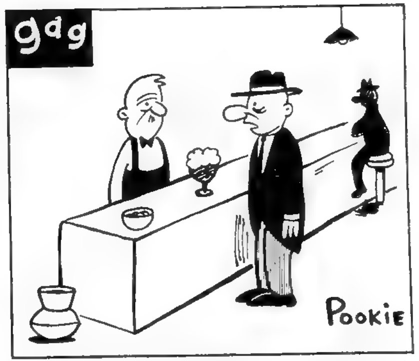
"THAT'S FUNNY– I'M A DRUNK TOO!"


OUR TYPE
VAN BELL

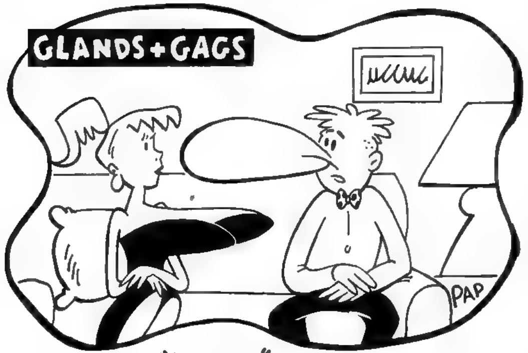
"SHALL WE BUY HIM?"


PSYCHO-BOFF
SIG

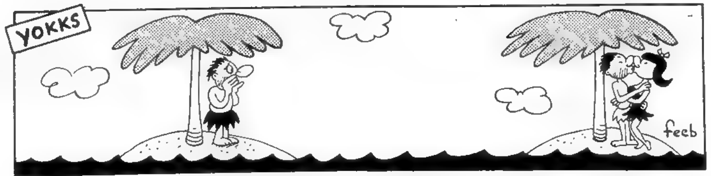
"WHY DIDN'T YOU WANT ME, MOMMY?"



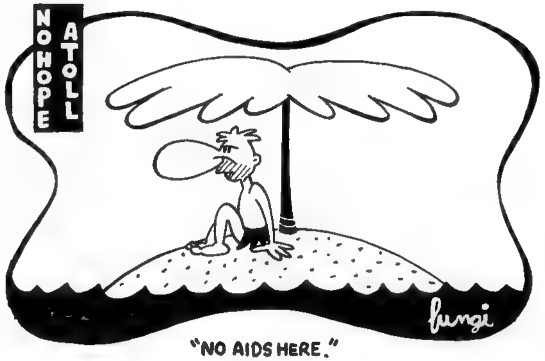
"I'M THE NEW ALCOHOLIC IN TOWN."


GLANDS + GAGS
PAP

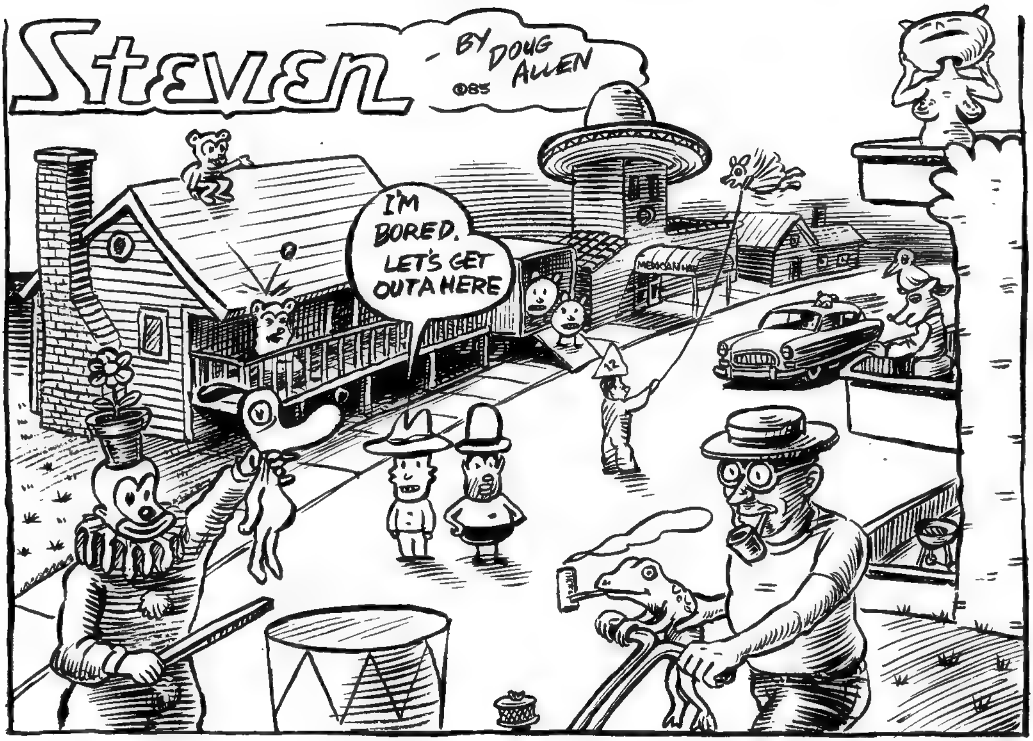
"HONEY..."

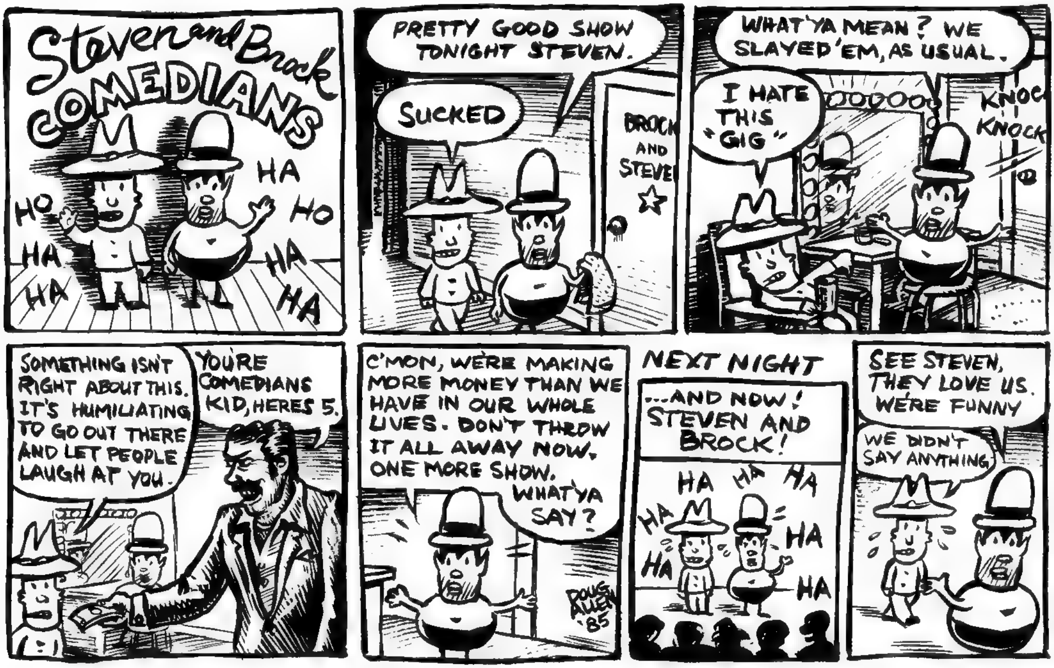


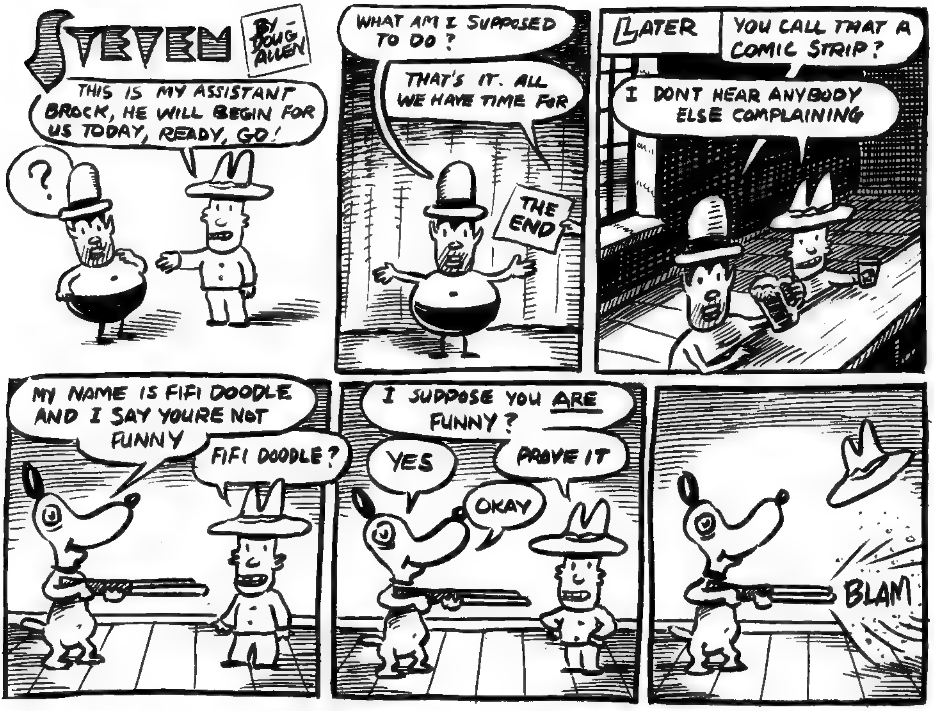
" HI! MY NAME IS TED! I COLLECT COMIC BOOKS! "

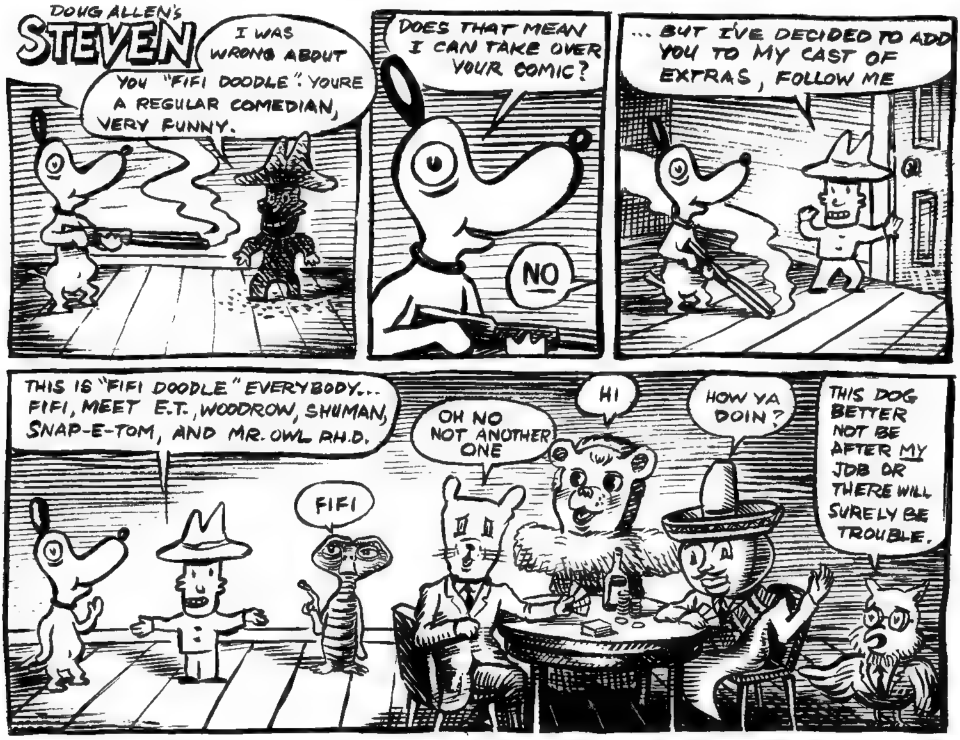

NO HOPE ATOLL
fungi

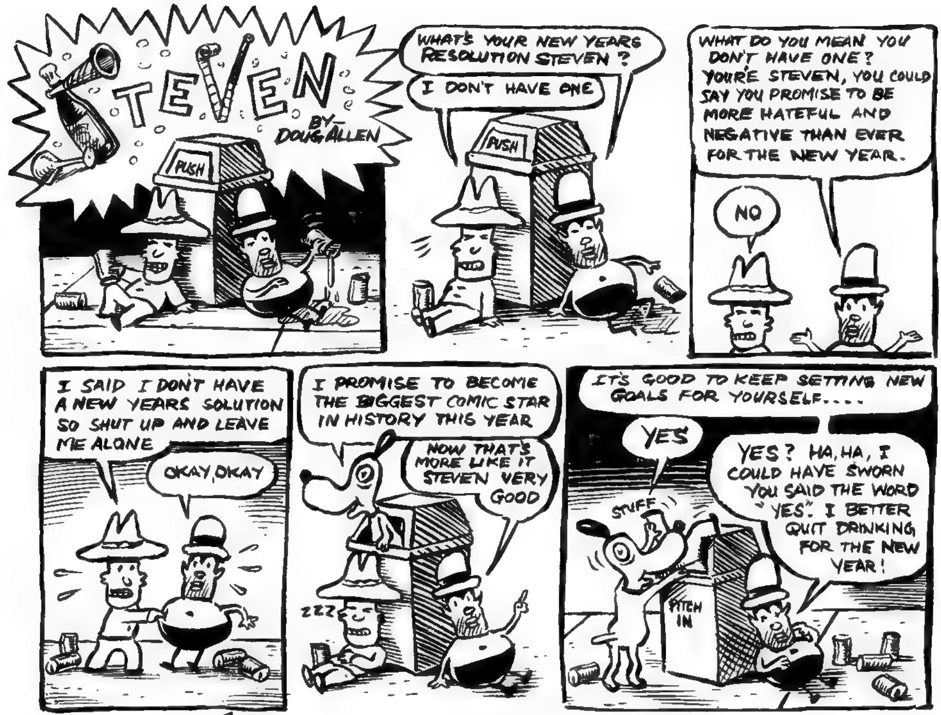
"NO AIDS HERE."

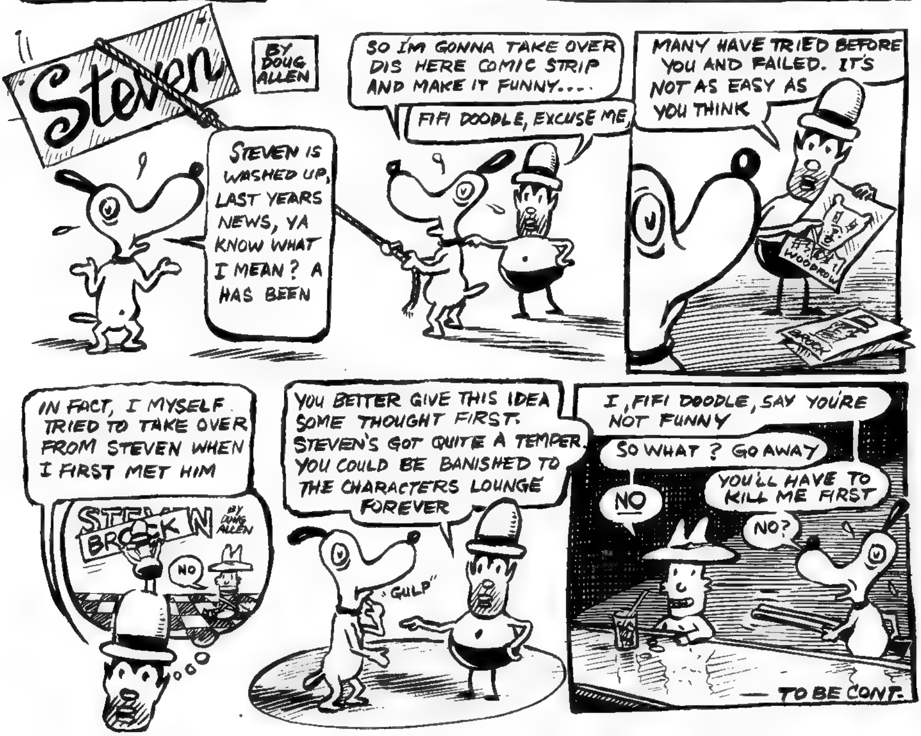

Steven
- BY DOUG ALLEN
©85
I'M BORED. LET'S GET OUTA HERE
MEXICAN HAT
12

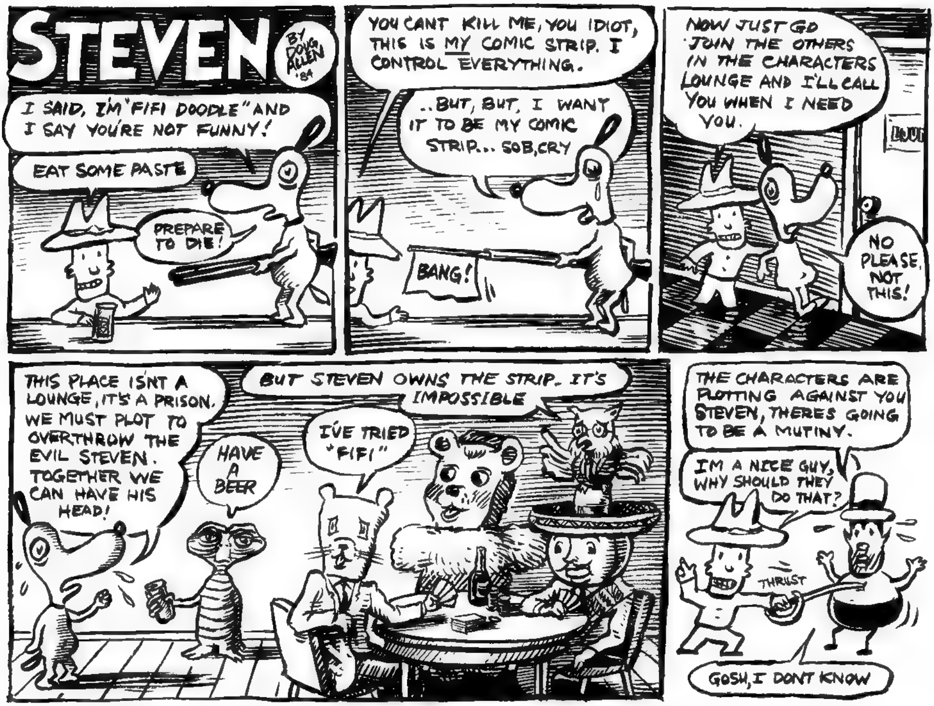

Steven and Brock
COMEDIANS
HO HA HA HA HO HA HA
PRETTY GOOD SHOW TONIGHT STEVEN.
SUCKED
BROCK AND STEVEN
WHAT'YA MEAN? WE SLAYED 'EM, AS USUAL.
I HATE THIS "GIG"
KNOCK KNOCK
SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT ABOUT THIS. IT'S HUMILIATING TO GO OUT THERE AND LET PEOPLE LAUGH AT YOU.
YOU'RE COMEDIANS KID, HERES 5.
C'MON, WE'RE MAKING MORE MONEY THAN WE HAVE IN OUR WHOLE LIVES. DON'T THROW IT ALL AWAY NOW. ONE MORE SHOW.
WHAT'YA SAY?
DOUG ALLEN '85
NEXT NIGHT
...AND NOW! STEVEN AND BROCK!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
SEE STEVEN, THEY LOVE US. WE'RE FUNNY
WE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING

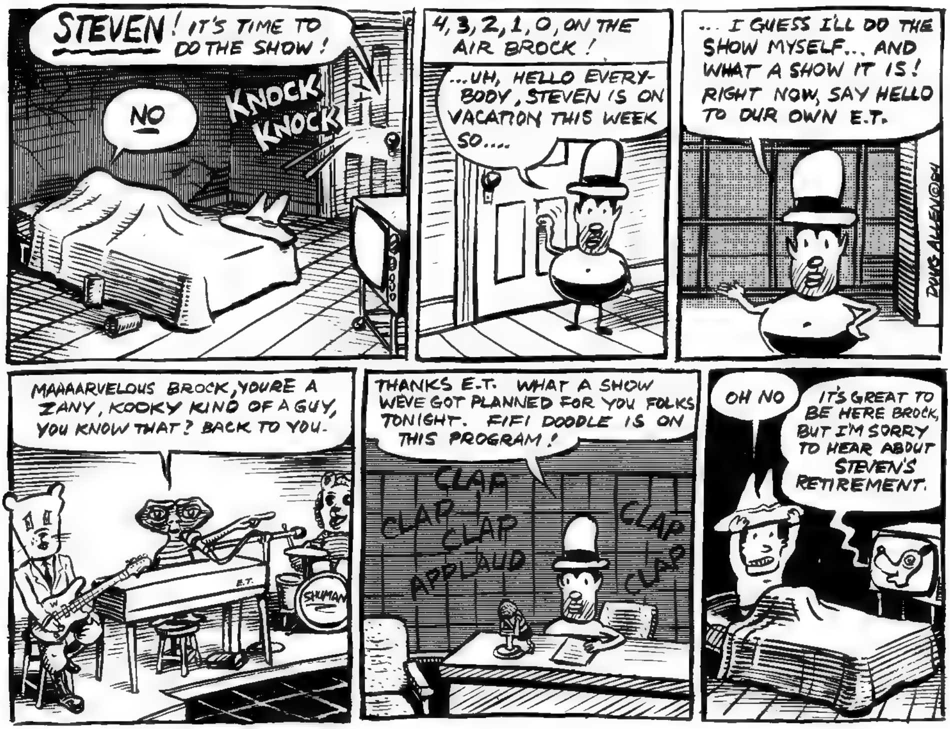

STEVEN
BY DOUG ALLEN
THIS IS MY ASSISTANT BROCK, HE WILL BEGIN FOR US TODAY, READY, GO!
?
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?
THAT'S IT. ALL WE HAVE TIME FOR
THE END
LATER
YOU CALL THAT A COMIC STRIP?
I DONT HEAR ANYBODY ELSE COMPLAINING
MY NAME IS FIFI DOODLE AND I SAY YOURE NOT FUNNY
FIFI DOODLE?
I SUPPOSE YOU ARE FUNNY?
YES
PROVE IT
OKAY
BLAM

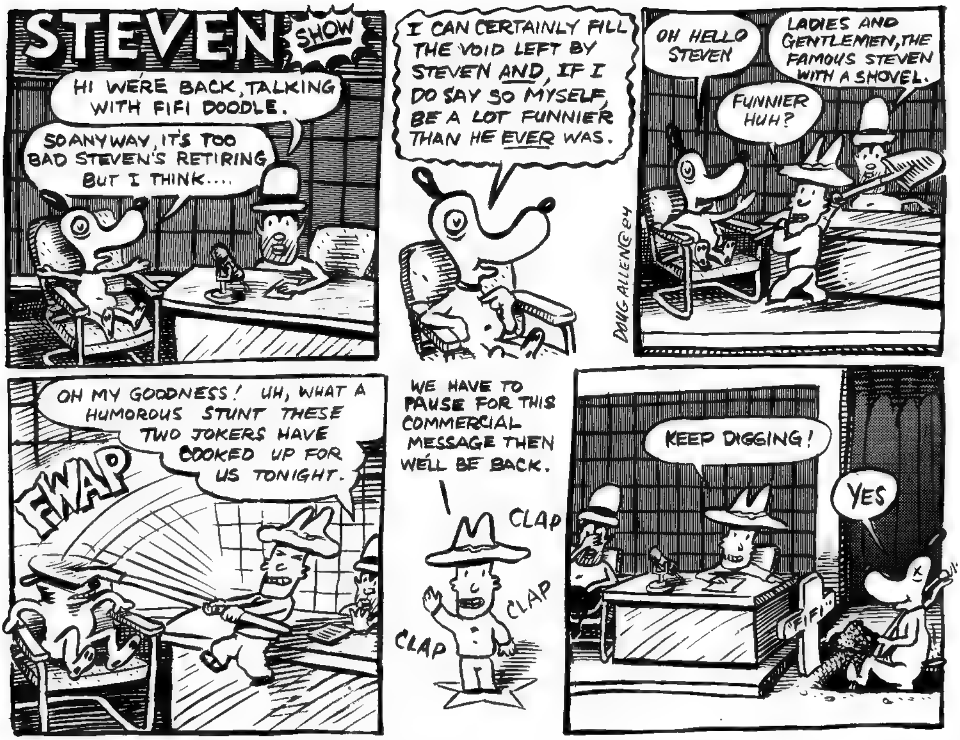

DOUG ALLEN'S STEVEN
I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU "FIFI DOODLE". YOURE A REGULAR COMEDIAN, VERY FUNNY.
DOES THAT MEAN I CAN TAKE OVER YOUR COMIC?
NO
... BUT I'VE DECIDED TO ADD YOU TO MY CAST OF EXTRAS, FOLLOW ME
THIS IS "FIFI DOODLE" EVERYBODY... FIFI, MEET E.T., WOODROW, SHUMAN, SNAP-E-TOM, AND MR. OWL PH.D.
FIFI
OH NO NOT ANOTHER ONE
HI
HOW YA DOIN?
THIS DOG BETTER NOT BE AFTER MY JOB OR THERE WILL SURELY BE TROUBLE.

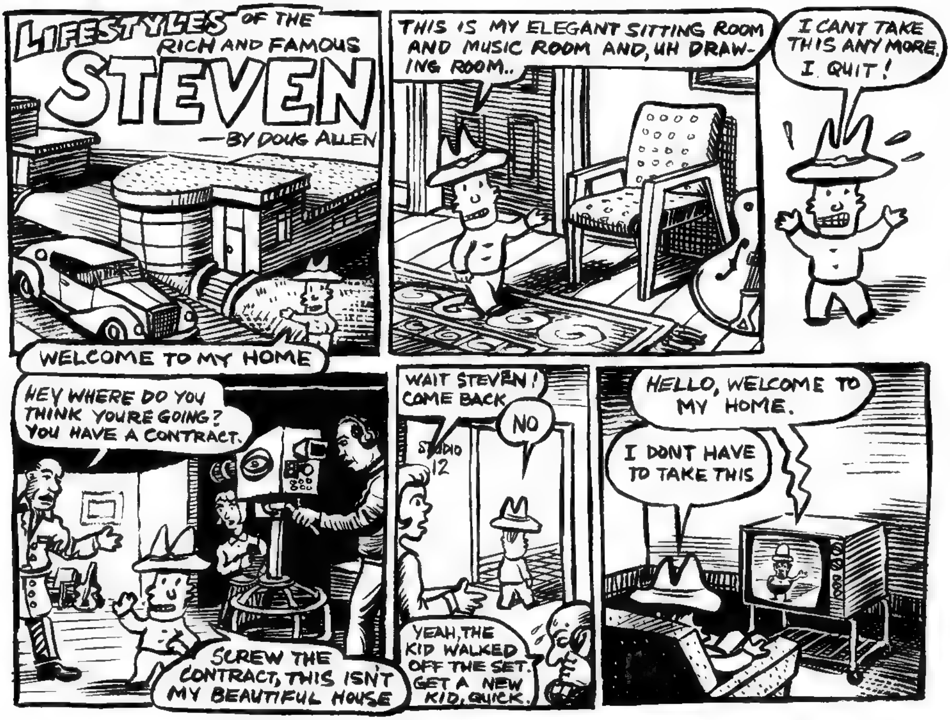

STEVEN
BY— DOUG ALLEN
PUSH
WHAT'S YOUR NEW YEARS RESOLUTION STEVEN ?
I DON'T HAVE ONE
PUSH
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T HAVE ONE? YOU'RE STEVEN, YOU COULD SAY YOU PROMISE TO BE MORE HATEFUL AND NEGATIVE THAN EVER FOR THE NEW YEAR.
NO
I SAID I DON'T HAVE A NEW YEARS SOLUTION SO SHUT UP AND LEAVE ME ALONE
OKAY, OKAY
I PROMISE TO BECOME THE BIGGEST COMIC STAR IN HISTORY THIS YEAR
NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT STEVEN VERY GOOD
ZZZ
IT'S GOOD TO KEEP SETTING NEW GOALS FOR YOURSELF....
YES
STUFF
YES? HA, HA, I COULD HAVE SWORN YOU SAID THE WORD "YES". I BETTER QUIT DRINKING FOR THE NEW YEAR!
PITCH IN

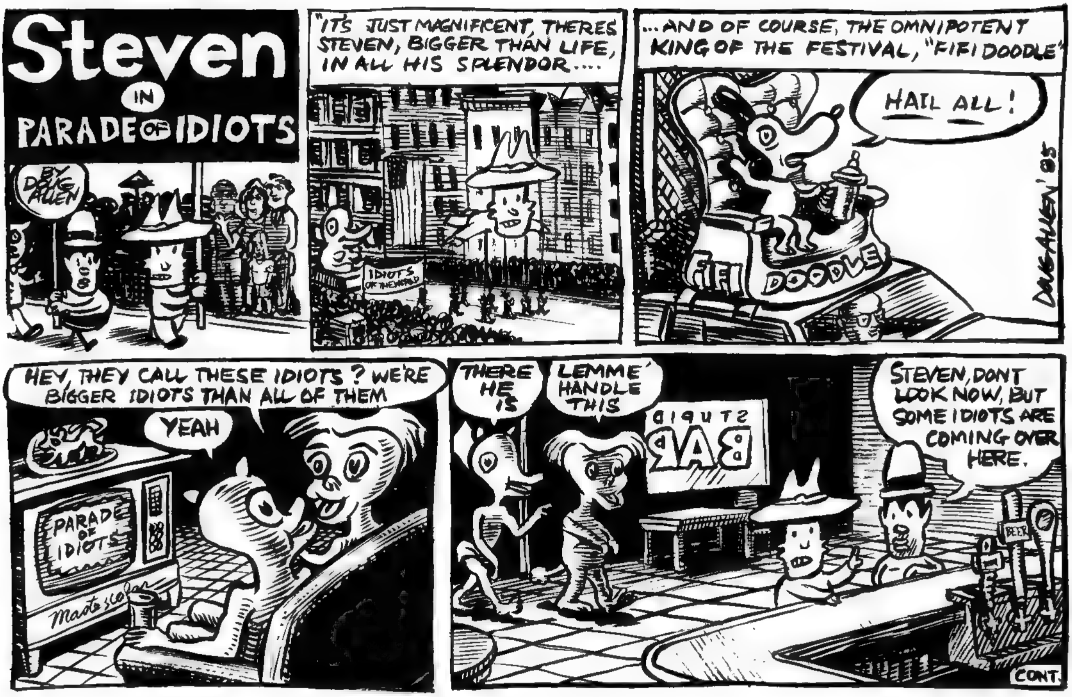

Steven
BY DOUG ALLEN
STEVEN IS WASHED UP, LAST YEARS NEWS, YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN? A HAS BEEN
SO I'M GONNA TAKE OVER DIS HERE COMIC STRIP AND MAKE IT FUNNY....
FIFI DOODLE, EXCUSE ME
MANY HAVE TRIED BEFORE YOU AND FAILED. IT'S NOT AS EASY AS YOU THINK
WOODROW
BROCK
IN FACT, I MYSELF TRIED TO TAKE OVER FROM STEVEN WHEN I FIRST MET HIM
STEVEN BROCK BY DOUG ALLEN
NO
YOU BETTER GIVE THIS IDEA SOME THOUGHT FIRST. STEVEN'S GOT QUITE A TEMPER. YOU COULD BE BANISHED TO THE CHARACTERS LOUNGE FOREVER
"GULP"
I, FIFI DOODLE, SAY YOU'RE NOT FUNNY
SO WHAT ? GO AWAY
NO
YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL ME FIRST
NO?
TO BE CONT.

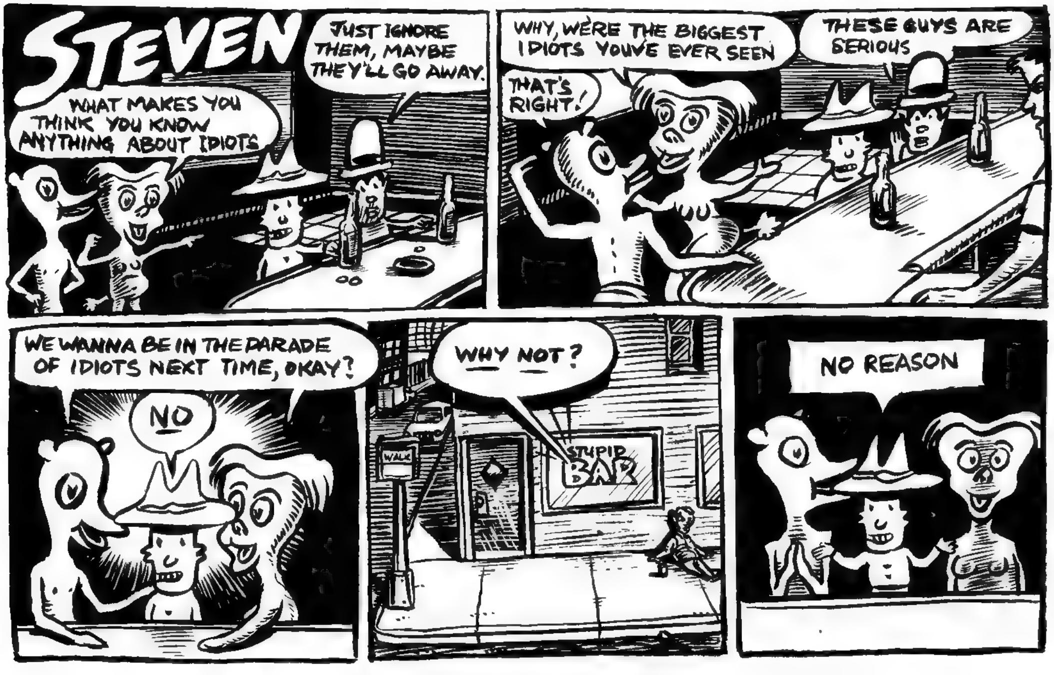

STEVEN
BY DOUG ALLEN '84
I SAID, I'M "FIFI DOODLE" AND I SAY YOU'RE NOT FUNNY!
EAT SOME PASTE
PREPARE TO DIE!
YOU CANT KILL ME, YOU IDIOT, THIS IS MY COMIC STRIP. I CONTROL EVERYTHING.
..BUT, BUT, I WANT IT TO BE MY COMIC STRIP... SOB,CRY
BANG!
NOW JUST GO JOIN THE OTHERS IN THE CHARACTERS LOUNGE AND I'LL CALL YOU WHEN I NEED YOU.
NO PLEASE, NOT THIS!
THIS PLACE ISNT A LOUNGE, IT'S A PRISON. WE MUST PLOT TO OVERTHROW THE EVIL STEVEN. TOGETHER WE CAN HAVE HIS HEAD!
BUT STEVEN OWNS THE STRIP. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE
HAVE A BEER
I'VE TRIED "FIFI"
THE CHARACTERS ARE PLOTTING AGAINST YOU STEVEN, THERES GOING TO BE A MUTINY.
IM A NICE GUY, WHY SHOULD THEY DO THAT?
THRUST
GOSH, I DONT KNOW


STEVEN! IT'S TIME TO DO THE SHOW!
NO
KNOCK KNOCK
4,3,2,1,0, ON THE AIR BROCK!
...UH, HELLO EVERY-BODY, STEVEN IS ON VACATION THIS WEEK SO....
... I GUESS I'LL DO THE SHOW MYSELF... AND WHAT A SHOW IT IS! RIGHT NOW, SAY HELLO TO OUR OWN E.T.
DOUG ALLEN ©84
MAAAARVELOUS BROCK, YOURE A ZANY, KOOKY KIND OF A GUY, YOU KNOW THAT? BACK TO YOU.
E.T.
SHUMAN
THANKS E.T. WHAT A SHOW WEVE GOT PLANNED FOR YOU FOLKS TONIGHT. FIFI DOODLE IS ON THIS PROGRAM!
CLAP CLAP CLAP APPLAUD
CLAP CLAP
OH NO
IT'S GREAT TO BE HERE BROCK, BUT I'M SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT STEVEN'S RETIREMENT.


STEVEN SHOW
HI WE'RE BACK, TALKING WITH FIFI DOODLE.
SO ANYWAY, IT'S TOO BAD STEVEN'S RETIRING BUT I THINK....
I CAN CERTAINLY FILL THE VOID LEFT BY STEVEN AND, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF, BE A LOT FUNNIER THAN HE EVER WAS.
DOUG ALLEN ©84
OH HELLO STEVEN
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE FAMOUS STEVEN WITH A SHOVEL.
FUNNIER HUH?
OH MY GOODNESS! UH, WHAT A HUMOROUS STUNT THESE TWO JOKERS HAVE COOKED UP FOR US TONIGHT.
FWAP
WE HAVE TO PAUSE FOR THIS COMMERCIAL MESSAGE THEN WE'LL BE BACK.
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
KEEP DIGGING!
YES
FIFI


LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS STEVEN
—BY DOUG ALLEN
WELCOME TO MY HOME
THIS IS MY ELEGANT SITTING ROOM AND MUSIC ROOM AND, UH DRAWING ROOM..
I CANT TAKE THIS ANY MORE. I QUIT!
HEY WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING? YOU HAVE A CONTRACT.
SCREW THE CONTRACT, THIS ISN'T MY BEAUTIFUL HOUSE
WAIT STEVEN! COME BACK
NO
STUDIO 12
YEAH, THE KID WALKED OFF THE SET. GET A NEW KID, QUICK.
HELLO, WELCOME TO MY HOME.
I DONT HAVE TO TAKE THIS

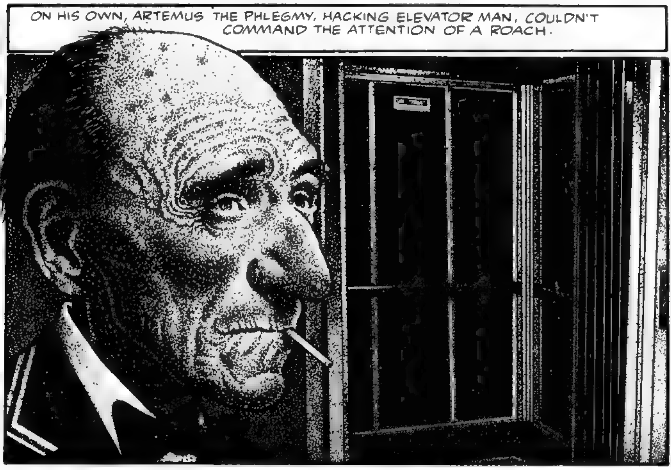

Steven
IN
PARADE OF IDIOTS
BY DOUG ALLEN
"IT'S JUST MAGNIFICENT, THERES STEVEN, BIGGER THAN LIFE, IN ALL HIS SPLENDOR....
IDIOTS OF THE WORLD
...AND OF COURSE, THE OMNIPOTENT KING OF THE FESTIVAL, "FIFI DOODLE"
HAIL ALL!
FIFI DOODLE
DOUG ALLEN '85
HEY, THEY CALL THESE IDIOTS? WE'RE BIGGER IDIOTS THAN ALL OF THEM
YEAH
PARADE OF IDIOTS
THERE HE IS
LEMME' HANDLE THIS
STUPID BAR
STEVEN, DONT LOOK NOW, BUT SOME IDIOTS ARE COMING OVER HERE.
BEER
CONT.

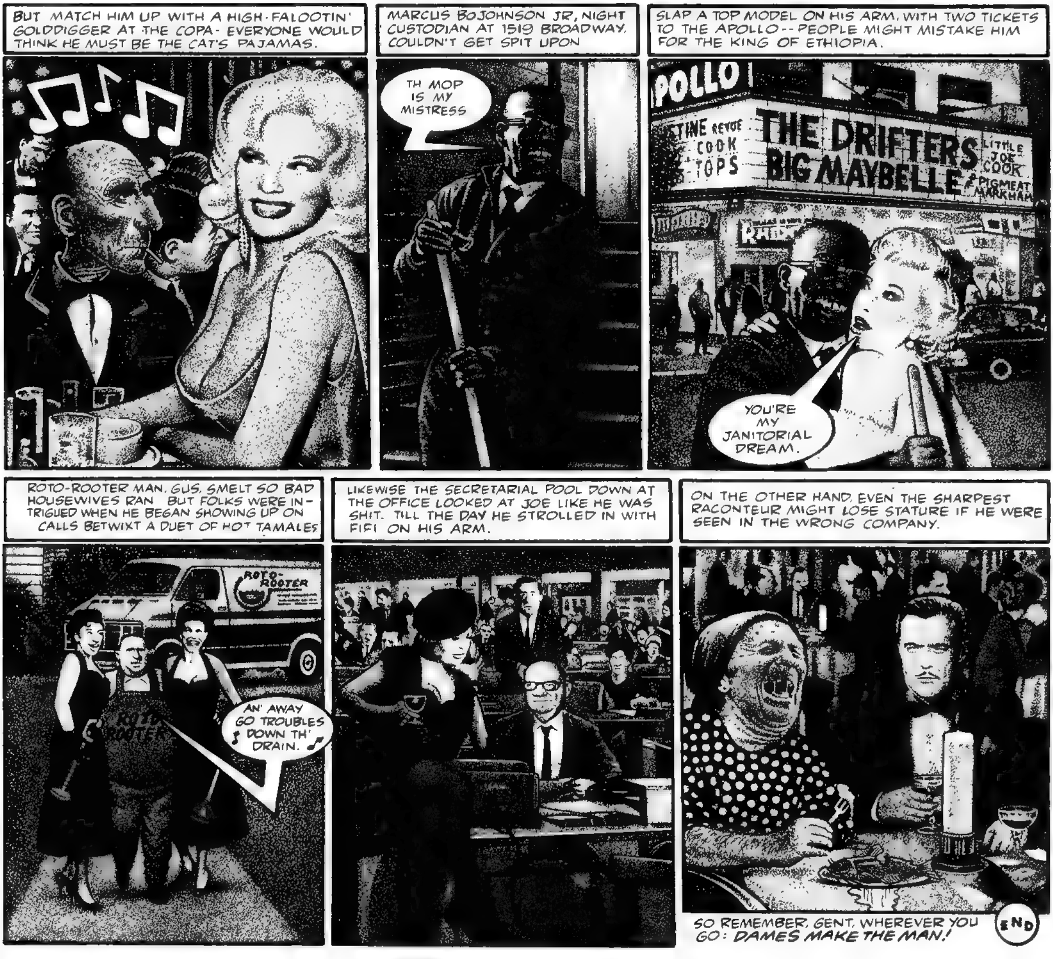

STEVEN
JUST IGNORE THEM, MAYBE THEY'LL GO AWAY.
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IDIOTS
WHY, WE'RE THE BIGGEST IDIOTS YOU'VE EVER SEEN
THAT'S RIGHT!
THESE GUYS ARE SERIOUS
WE WANNA BE IN THE PARADE OF IDIOTS NEXT TIME, OKAY?
NO
WALK
WHY NOT?
STUPID BAR
NO REASON

DAMES MAKE THE MAN

SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN

©1986

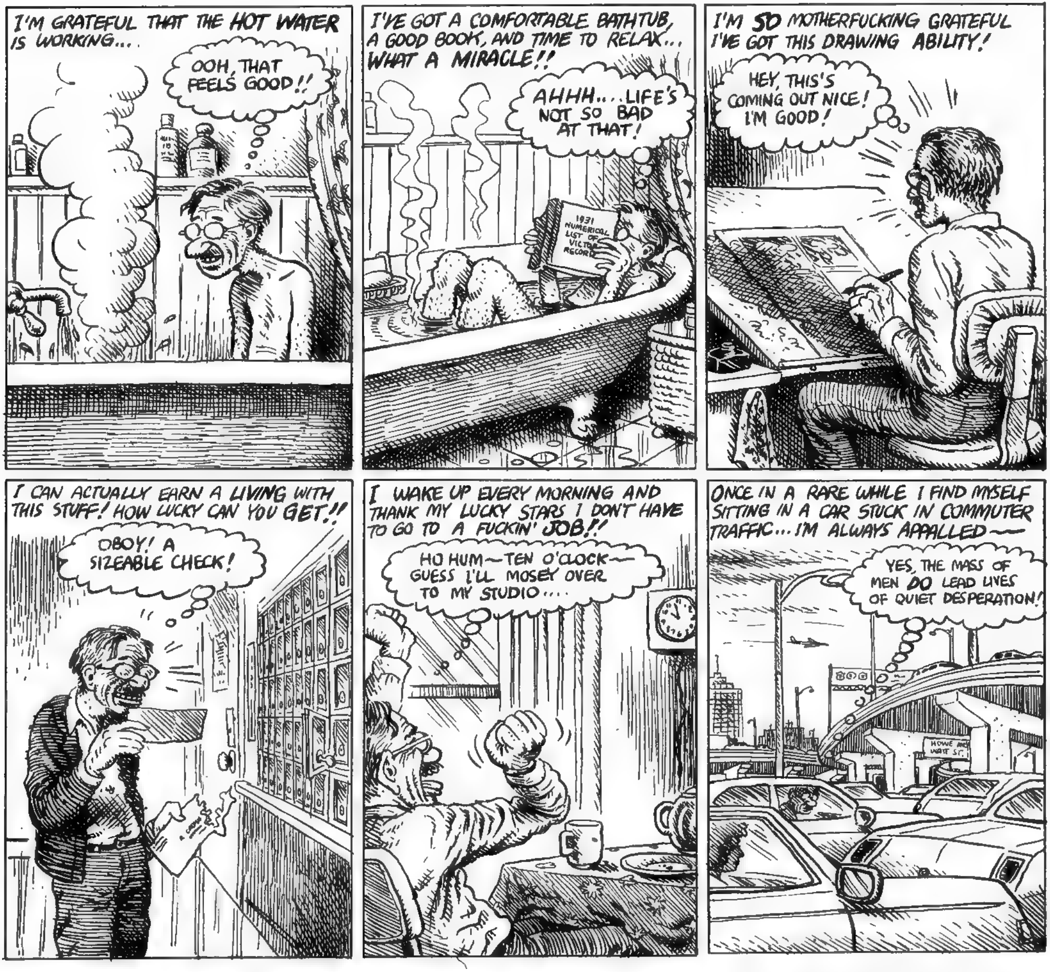

ON HIS OWN, ARTEMUS THE PHLEGMY, HACKING ELEVATOR MAN, COULDN'T COMMAND THE ATTENTION OF A ROACH.

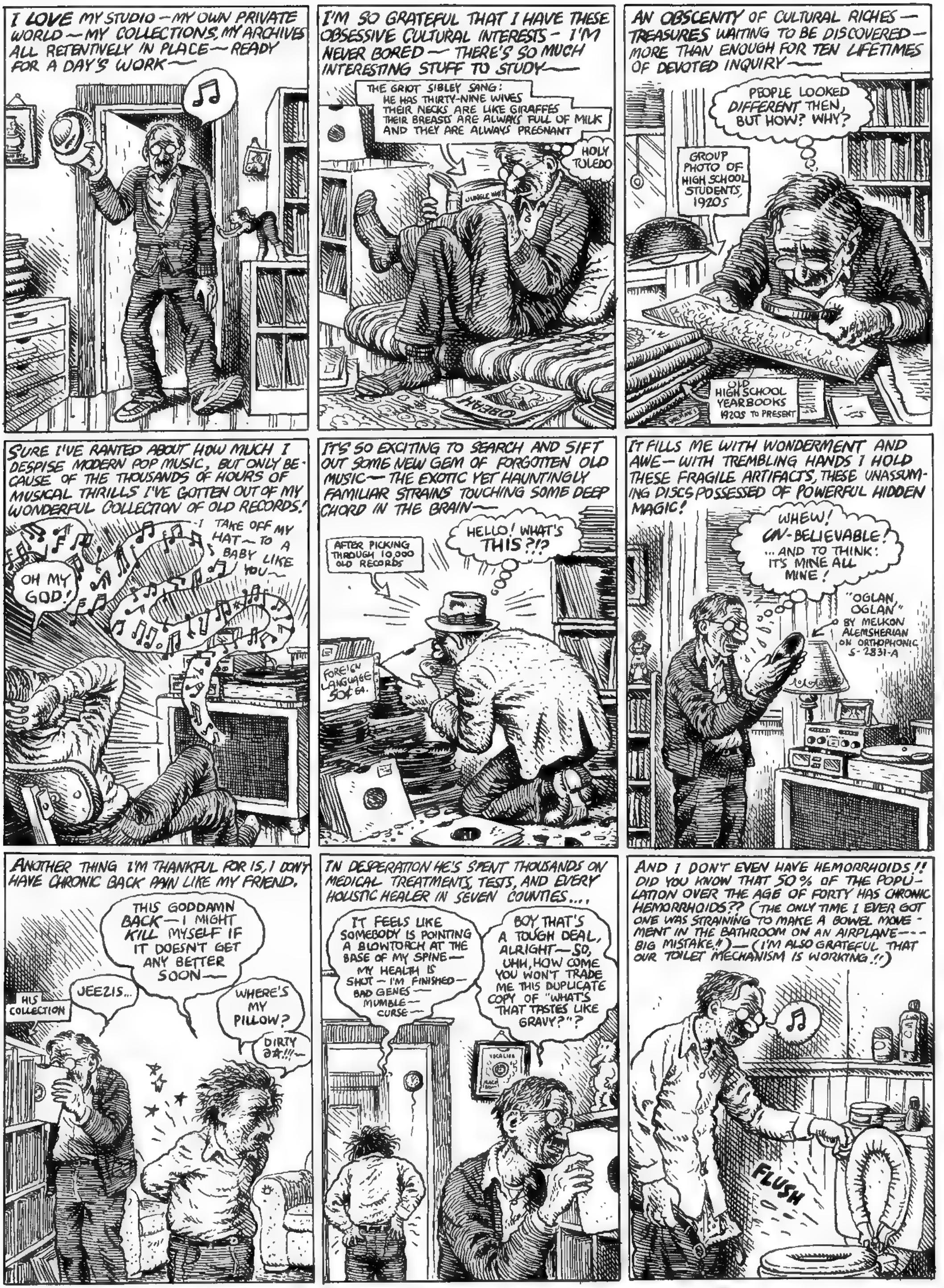

BUT MATCH HIM UP WITH A HIGH-FALOOTIN' GOLDDIGGER AT THE COPA- EVERYONE WOULD THINK HE MUST BE THE CAT'S PAJAMAS.
MARCUS BOJOHNSON JR, NIGHT CUSTODIAN AT 1519 BROADWAY, COULDN'T GET SPIT UPON
TH MOP IS MY MISTRESS
SLAP A TOP MODEL ON HIS ARM, WITH TWO TICKETS TO THE APOLLO -- PEOPLE MIGHT MISTAKE HIM FOR THE KING OF ETHIOPIA.
POLLO
TINE REVUE
COOK
TOPS
THE DRIFTERS
LITTLE JOE COOK
BIG MAYBELLE
PIGMEAT MARKHAM
YOU'RE MY JANITORIAL DREAM.
ROTO-ROOTER MAN, GUS, SMELT SO BAD HOUSEWIVES RAN. BUT FOLKS WERE INTRIGUED WHEN HE BEGAN SHOWING UP ON CALLS BETWIXT A DUET OF HOT TAMALES
ROTO-ROOTER
ROTO ROOTER
AN' AWAY GO TROUBLES DOWN TH' DRAIN. ♪
LIKEWISE THE SECRETARIAL POOL DOWN AT THE OFFICE LOOKED AT JOE LIKE HE WAS SHIT. TILL THE DAY HE STROLLED IN WITH FIFI ON HIS ARM.
ON THE OTHER HAND, EVEN THE SHARPEST RACONTEUR MIGHT LOSE STATURE IF HE WERE SEEN IN THE WRONG COMPANY.
SO REMEMBER, GENT, WHEREVER YOU GO: DAMES MAKE THE MAN!
END

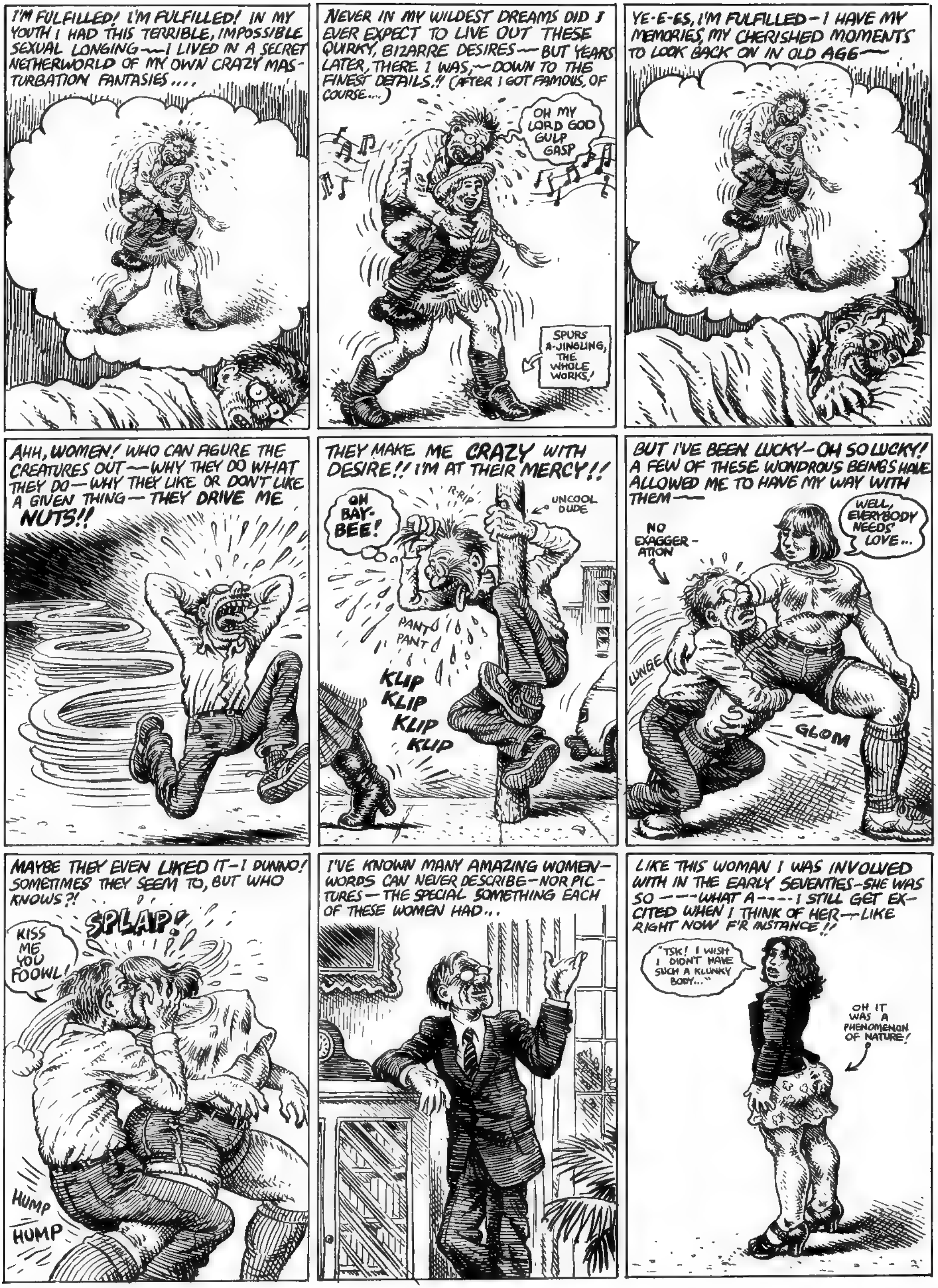
OKAY, SO I'M A WHINEY, COMPLAINING MALCONTENT—YOU'RE TIRED OF HEARING ABOUT WHAT A MISERABLE FUCKING PLANET WE LIVE ON—YOU'RE SICK UNTO DEATH OF MY GRIM TIRADES ABOUT HOW MUCH I HATE EVERYTHING—WHY DO I HAVE TO BE SO NEGATIVE? WELL, THE TRUTH IS, IT'S EASIER AND MORE FUN TO DRAW THE BAD STUFF—IT'S ALOT MORE TEDIOUS TRYING TO SHOW THE NICE SIDE OF THINGS. YOU KNOW, THERE'S ALWAYS THE DANGER OF GETTING TOO CUTE, TOO SHMALTZY—BUT BELIEVE ME, THERE'S MANY TIMES EVERY DAY WHEN, REALLY...

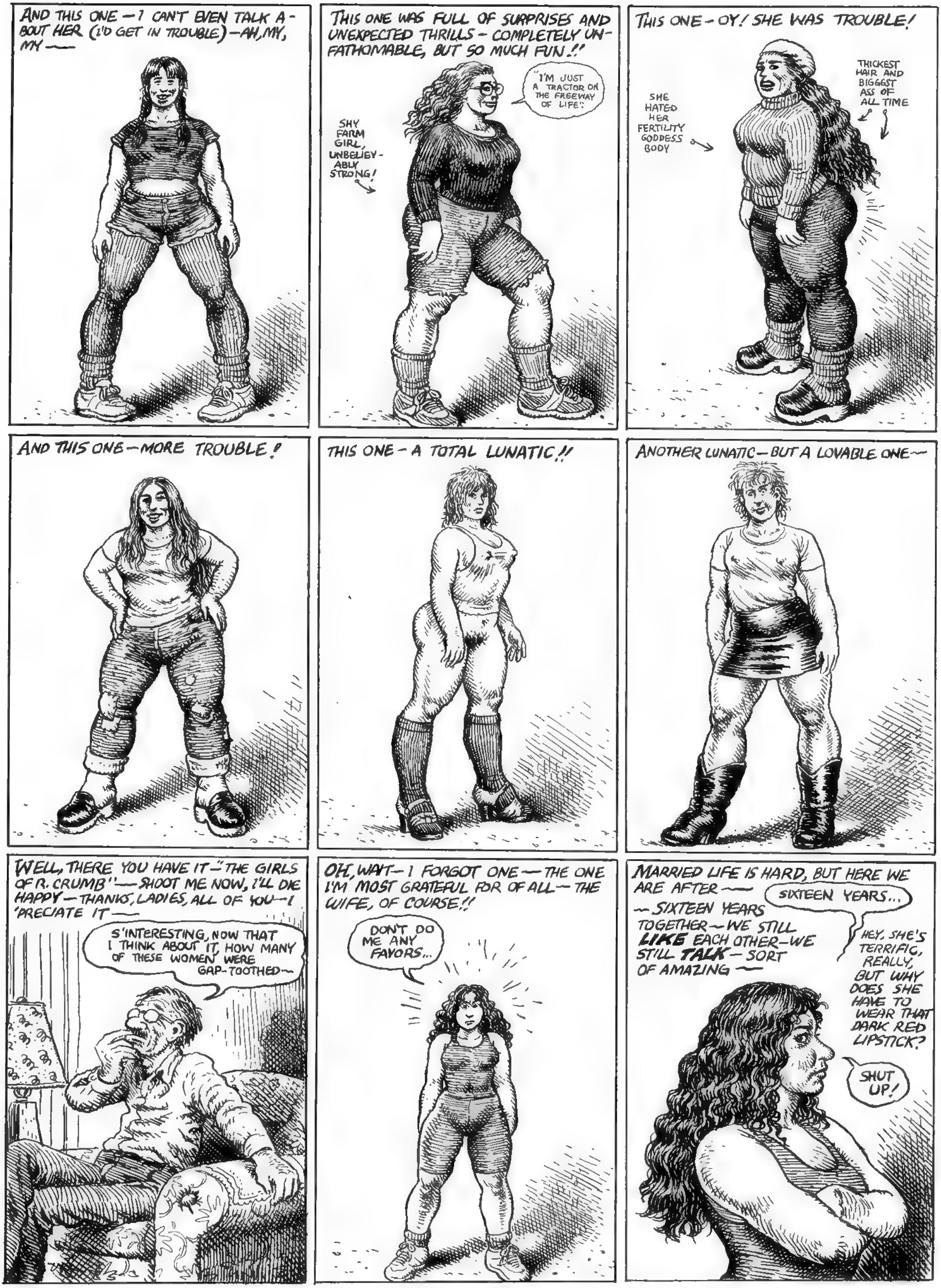
I'M GRATEFUL! I'M GRATEFUL!

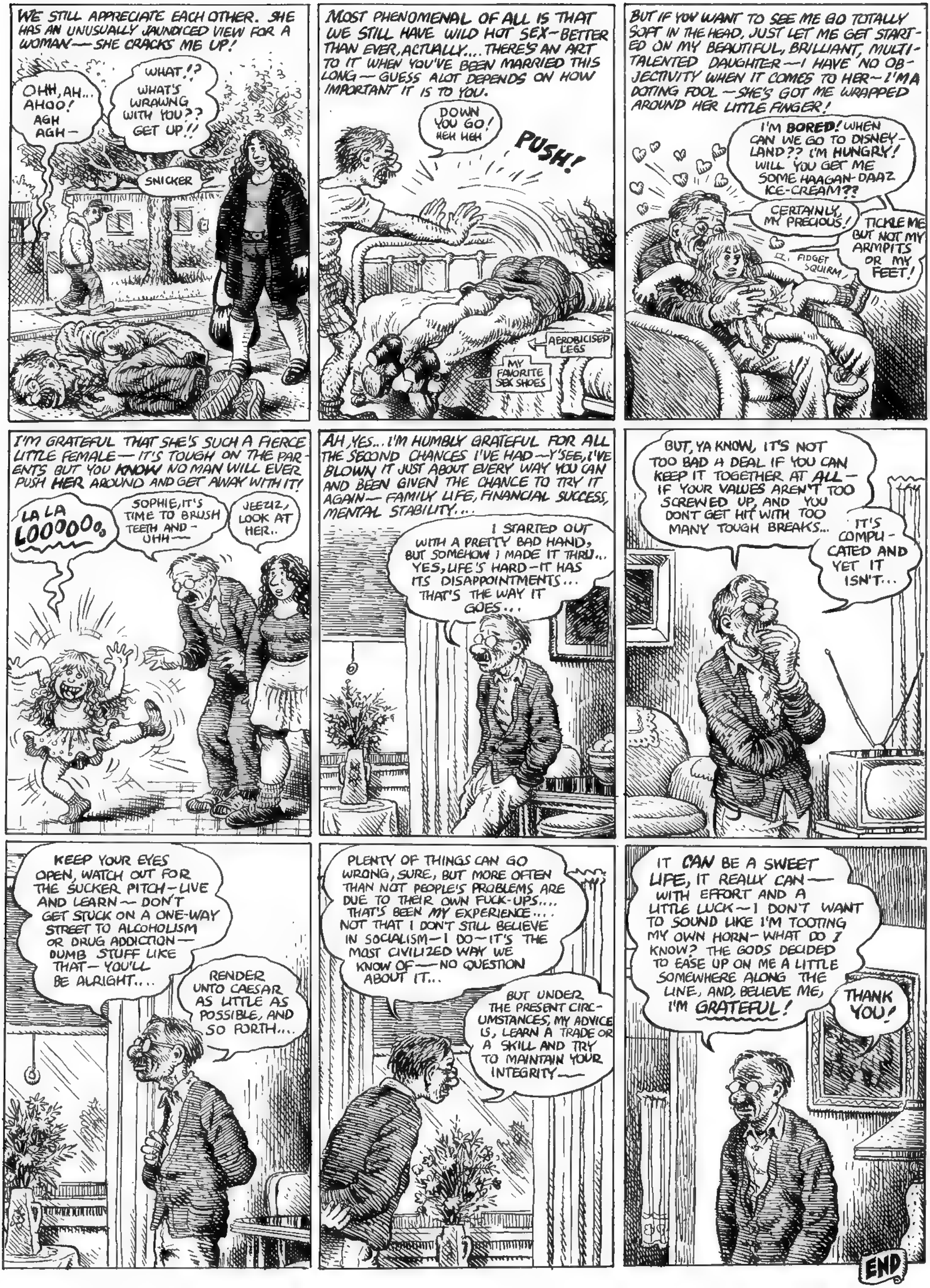
©R. CRUMB 1989


I'M GRATEFUL THAT THE HOT WATER IS WORKING...
OOH, THAT FEELS GOOD!!
I'VE GOT A COMFORTABLE BATHTUB, A GOOD BOOK, AND TIME TO RELAX... WHAT A MIRACLE!!
AHHH.... LIFE'S NOT SO BAD AT THAT!
1931 NUMERICAL LIST OF VICTOR RECORDS
I'M SO MOTHERFUCKING GRATEFUL I'VE GOT THIS DRAWING ABILITY!
HEY, THIS'S COMING OUT NICE! I'M GOOD!
I CAN ACTUALLY EARN A LIVING WITH THIS STUFF! HOW LUCKY CAN YOU GET!!
OBOY! A SIZEABLE CHECK!
I WAKE UP EVERY MORNING AND THANK MY LUCKY STARS I DON'T HAVE TO GO TO A FUCKIN' JOB!!
HO HUM—TEN O'CLOCK—GUESS I'LL MOSEY OVER TO MY STUDIO....
ONCE IN A RARE WHILE I FIND MYSELF SITTING IN A CAR STUCK IN COMMUTER TRAFFIC... I'M ALWAYS APPALLED—
YES, THE MASS OF MEN DO LEAD LIVES OF QUIET DESPERATION!
HOWE AND WATT ST.

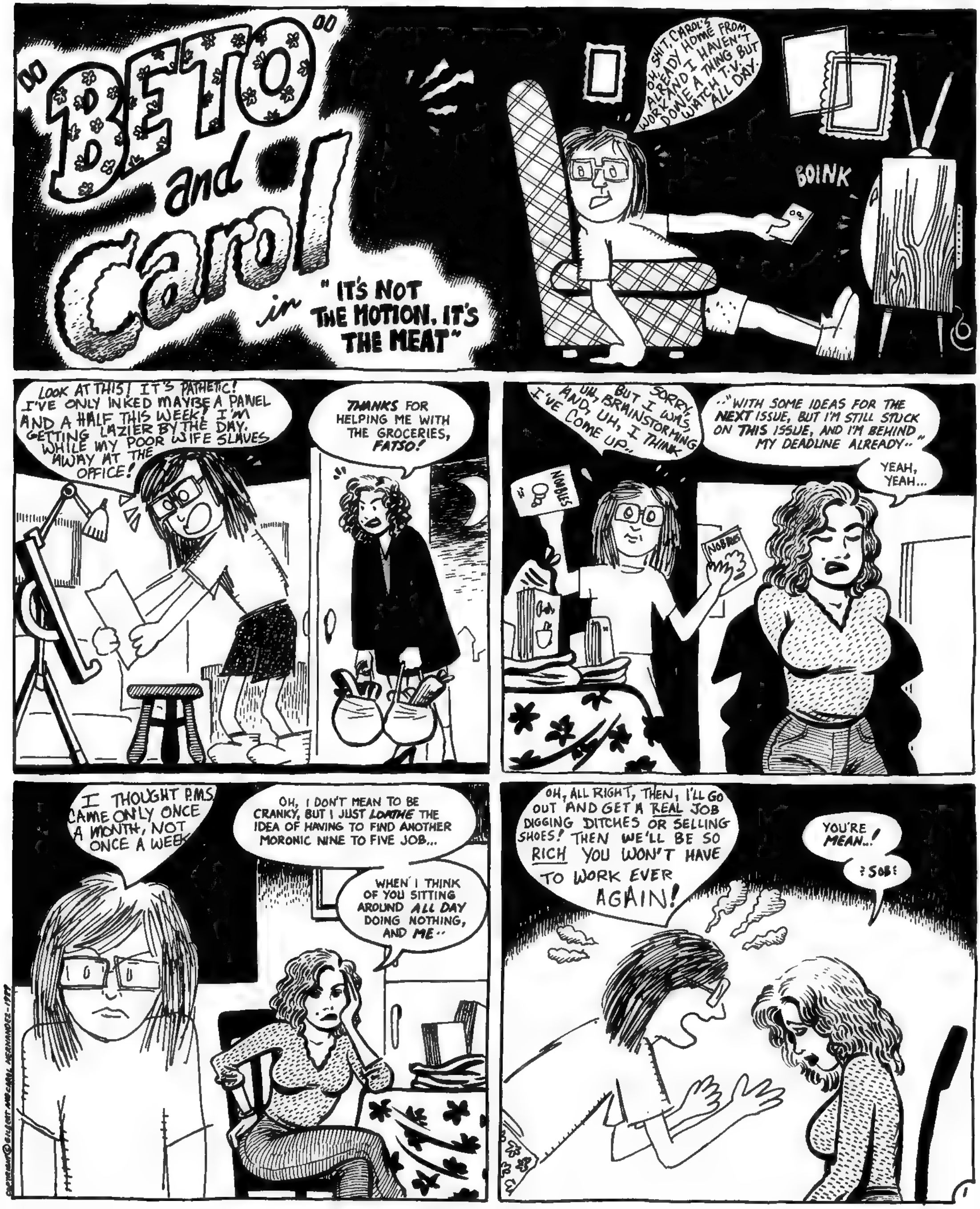

I LOVE MY STUDIO — MY OWN PRIVATE WORLD — MY COLLECTIONS, MY ARCHIVES ALL RETENTIVELY IN PLACE — READY FOR A DAY'S WORK —
♫
I'M SO GRATEFUL THAT I HAVE THESE OBSESSIVE CULTURAL INTERESTS — I'M NEVER BORED — THERE'S SO MUCH INTERESTING STUFF TO STUDY —
THE GRIOT SIBLEY SANG: HE HAS THIRTY-NINE WIVES THEIR NECKS ARE LIKE GIRAFFES THEIR BREASTS ARE ALWAYS FULL OF MILK AND THEY ARE ALWAYS PREGNANT
HOLY TOLEDO
JUNGLE WAYS
OBEAH
AN OBSCENITY OF CULTURAL RICHES — TREASURES WAITING TO BE DISCOVERED — MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR TEN LIFETIMES OF DEVOTED INQUIRY —
PEOPLE LOOKED DIFFERENT THEN, BUT HOW? WHY?
GROUP PHOTO OF HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS, 1920S
OLD HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOKS 1920S TO PRESENT
SURE I'VE RANTED ABOUT HOW MUCH I DESPISE MODERN POP MUSIC, BUT ONLY BECAUSE OF THE THOUSANDS OF HOURS OF MUSICAL THRILLS I'VE GOTTEN OUT OF MY WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF OLD RECORDS!
— I TAKE OFF MY HAT — TO A BABY LIKE YOU —
OH MY GOD!
IT'S SO EXCITING TO SEARCH AND SIFT OUT SOME NEW GEM OF FORGOTTEN OLD MUSIC — THE EXOTIC YET HAUNTINGLY FAMILIAR STRAINS TOUCHING SOME DEEP CHORD IN THE BRAIN —
AFTER PICKING THROUGH 10,000 OLD RECORDS
HELLO! WHAT'S THIS?!?
FOREIGN LANGUAGE 50¢ EA.
IT FILLS ME WITH WONDERMENT AND AWE — WITH TREMBLING HANDS I HOLD THESE FRAGILE ARTIFACTS, THESE UNASSUMING DISCS POSSESSED OF POWERFUL HIDDEN MAGIC!
WHEW! UN-BELIEVABLE! ...AND TO THINK: IT'S MINE ALL MINE!
"OGLAN, OGLAN" BY MELKON ALEMSHERIAN ON ORTHOPHONIC S-2831-A
ANOTHER THING I'M THANKFUL FOR IS, I DON'T HAVE CHRONIC BACK PAIN LIKE MY FRIEND.
THIS GODDAMN BACK — I MIGHT KILL MYSELF IF IT DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER SOON —
JEEZIS...
HIS COLLECTION
WHERE'S MY PILLOW?
DIRTY ∂☆!!! —
IN DESPERATION HE'S SPENT THOUSANDS ON MEDICAL TREATMENTS, TESTS, AND EVERY HOLISTIC HEALER IN SEVEN COUNTIES...,
IT FEELS LIKE SOMEBODY IS POINTING A BLOWTORCH AT THE BASE OF MY SPINE — MY HEALTH IS SHOT — I'M FINISHED — BAD GENES — MUMBLE — CURSE —
BOY THAT'S A TOUGH DEAL, ALRIGHT — SO, UHH, HOW COME YOU WON'T TRADE ME THIS DUPLICATE COPY OF "WHAT'S THAT TASTES LIKE GRAVY?"?
VOCALION
AND I DON'T EVEN HAVE HEMORRHOIDS!! DID YOU KNOW THAT 50% OF THE POPULATION OVER THE AGE OF FORTY HAS CHRONIC HEMORRHOIDS?? (THE ONLY TIME I EVER GOT ONE WAS STRAINING TO MAKE A BOWEL MOVEMENT IN THE BATHROOM ON AN AIRPLANE --- BIG MISTAKE!!) — (I'M ALSO GRATEFUL THAT OUR TOILET MECHANISM IS WORKING!!)
♪
FLUSH


I'M FULFILLED! I'M FULFILLED! IN MY YOUTH I HAD THIS TERRIBLE, IMPOSSIBLE SEXUAL LONGING—I LIVED IN A SECRET NETHERWORLD OF MY OWN CRAZY MASTURBATION FANTASIES....
NEVER IN MY WILDEST DREAMS DID I EVER EXPECT TO LIVE OUT THESE QUIRKY, BIZARRE DESIRES—BUT YEARS LATER, THERE I WAS,—DOWN TO THE FINEST DETAILS!! (AFTER I GOT FAMOUS, OF COURSE...)
OH MY LORD GOD GULP GASP
SPURS A-JINGLING, THE WHOLE WORKS!
YE-E-ES, I'M FULFILLED—I HAVE MY MEMORIES, MY CHERISHED MOMENTS TO LOOK BACK ON IN OLD AGE—
AHH, WOMEN! WHO CAN FIGURE THE CREATURES OUT—WHY THEY DO WHAT THEY DO—WHY THEY LIKE OR DON'T LIKE A GIVEN THING—THEY DRIVE ME NUTS!!
THEY MAKE ME CRAZY WITH DESIRE!! I'M AT THEIR MERCY!!
OH BAY-BEE!
R-RIP
UNCOOL DUDE
PANT PANT
KLIP KLIP KLIP KLIP
BUT I'VE BEEN LUCKY—OH SO LUCKY! A FEW OF THESE WONDROUS BEINGS HAVE ALLOWED ME TO HAVE MY WAY WITH THEM—
WELL, EVERYBODY NEEDS LOVE...
NO EXAGGERATION
LUNGE
GLOM
MAYBE THEY EVEN LIKED IT—I DUNNO! SOMETIMES THEY SEEM TO, BUT WHO KNOWS?!
SPLAP!
KISS ME YOU FOOWL!
HUMP HUMP
I'VE KNOWN MANY AMAZING WOMEN—WORDS CAN NEVER DESCRIBE—NOR PICTURES—THE SPECIAL SOMETHING EACH OF THESE WOMEN HAD...
LIKE THIS WOMAN I WAS INVOLVED WITH IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES—SHE WAS SO ----WHAT A ----I STILL GET EXCITED WHEN I THINK OF HER—LIKE RIGHT NOW F'R INSTANCE!!
"TSK! I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE SUCH A KLUNKY BODY..."
OH IT WAS A PHENOMENON OF NATURE!


AND THIS ONE — I CAN'T EVEN TALK ABOUT HER (I'D GET IN TROUBLE) — AH, MY, MY ——
THIS ONE WAS FULL OF SURPRISES AND UNEXPECTED THRILLS — COMPLETELY UNFATHOMABLE, BUT SO MUCH FUN!!
SHY FARM GIRL, UNBELIEVABLY STRONG!
"I'M JUST A TRACTOR ON THE FREEWAY OF LIFE."
THIS ONE — OY! SHE WAS TROUBLE!
SHE HATED HER FERTILITY GODDESS BODY
THICKEST HAIR AND BIGGEST ASS OF ALL TIME
AND THIS ONE — MORE TROUBLE!
THIS ONE — A TOTAL LUNATIC!!
ANOTHER LUNATIC — BUT A LOVABLE ONE —
WELL, THERE YOU HAVE IT — "THE GIRLS OF R. CRUMB" — SHOOT ME NOW, I'LL DIE HAPPY — THANKS, LADIES, ALL OF YOU — I 'PRECIATE IT —
S'INTERESTING, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT, HOW MANY OF THESE WOMEN WERE GAP-TOOTHED —
OH, WAIT — I FORGOT ONE — THE ONE I'M MOST GRATEFUL FOR OF ALL — THE WIFE, OF COURSE!!
DON'T DO ME ANY FAVORS...
MARRIED LIFE IS HARD, BUT HERE WE ARE AFTER ——
SIXTEEN YEARS...
— SIXTEEN YEARS TOGETHER — WE STILL LIKE EACH OTHER — WE STILL TALK — SORT OF AMAZING —
HEY, SHE'S TERRIFIC, REALLY, BUT WHY DOES SHE HAVE TO WEAR THAT DARK RED LIPSTICK?
SHUT UP!

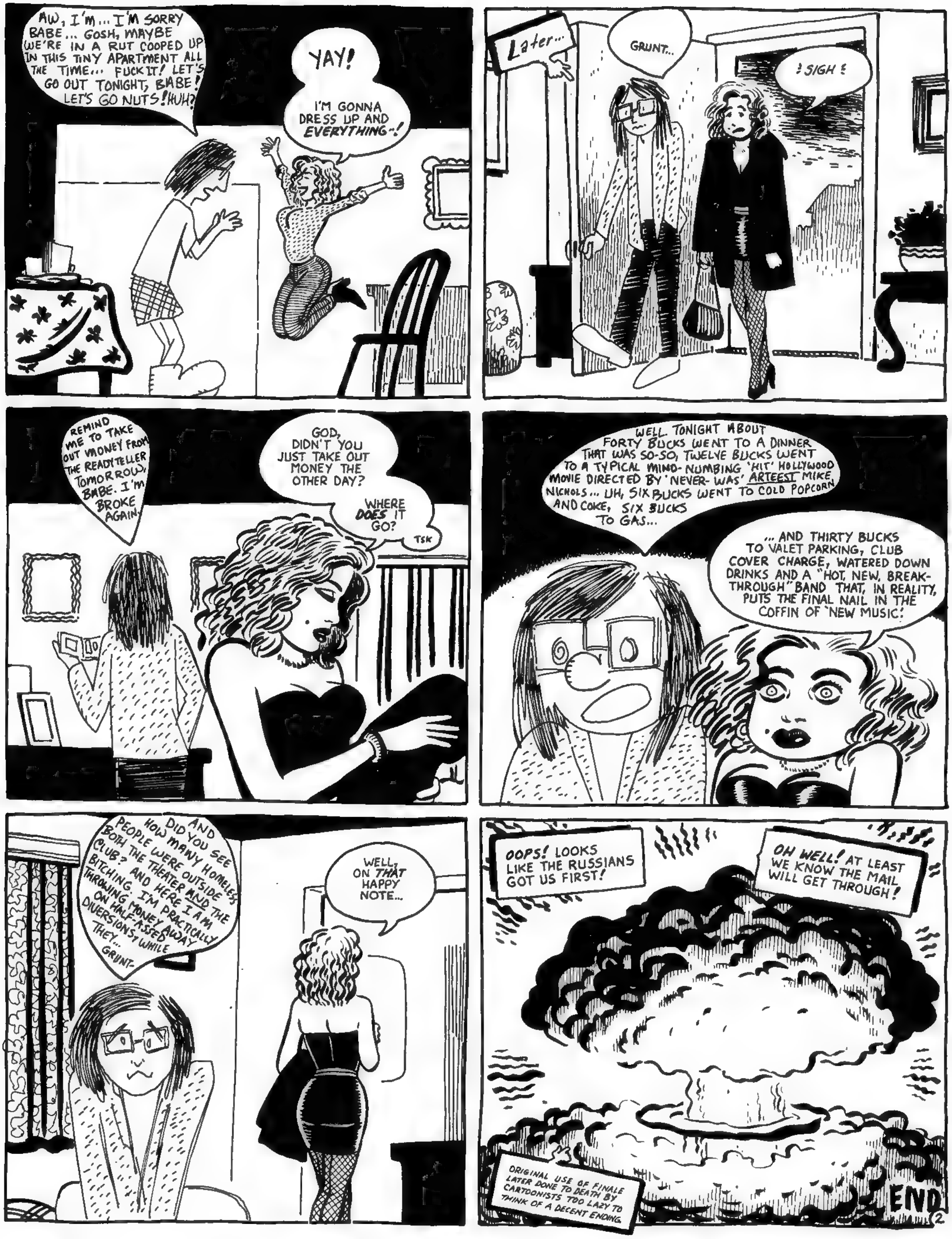

WE STILL APPRECIATE EACH OTHER. SHE HAS AN UNUSUALLY JAUNDICED VIEW FOR A WOMAN—SHE CRACKS ME UP!
OHH, AH... AHOO! AGH AGH—
WHAT!? WHAT'S WRAWNG WITH YOU?? GET UP!!
SNICKER
MOST PHENOMENAL OF ALL IS THAT WE STILL HAVE WILD HOT SEX—BETTER THAN EVER, ACTUALLY.... THERE'S AN ART TO IT WHEN YOU'VE BEEN MARRIED THIS LONG—GUESS ALOT DEPENDS ON HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO YOU.
DOWN YOU GO! HEH HEH
PUSH!
AEROBICISED LEGS
MY FAVORITE SEX SHOES
BUT IF YOU WANT TO SEE ME GO TOTALLY SOFT IN THE HEAD, JUST LET ME GET STARTED ON MY BEAUTIFUL, BRILLIANT, MULTI-TALENTED DAUGHTER—I HAVE NO OBJECTIVITY WHEN IT COMES TO HER—I'M A DOTING FOOL—SHE'S GOT ME WRAPPED AROUND HER LITTLE FINGER!
I'M BORED! WHEN CAN WE GO TO DISNEYLAND?? I'M HUNGRY! WILL YOU GET ME SOME HAAGAN-DAAZ ICE-CREAM??
CERTAINLY, MY PRECIOUS!
TICKLE ME BUT NOT MY ARMPITS OR MY FEET!
FIDGET SQUIRM
I'M GRATEFUL THAT SHE'S SUCH A FIERCE LITTLE FEMALE—IT'S TOUGH ON THE PARENTS BUT YOU KNOW NO MAN WILL EVER PUSH HER AROUND AND GET AWAY WITH IT!
LA LA LOOOOOOo
SOPHIE, IT'S TIME TO BRUSH TEETH AND—UHH—
JEEZIZ, LOOK AT HER..
AH, YES... I'M HUMBLY GRATEFUL FOR ALL THE SECOND CHANCES I'VE HAD—Y'SEE, I'VE BLOWN IT JUST ABOUT EVERY WAY YOU CAN AND BEEN GIVEN THE CHANCE TO TRY IT AGAIN—FAMILY LIFE, FINANCIAL SUCCESS, MENTAL STABILITY...
I STARTED OUT WITH A PRETTY BAD HAND, BUT SOMEHOW I MADE IT THRU... YES, LIFE'S HARD—IT HAS ITS DISAPPOINTMENTS... THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES...
BUT, YA KNOW, IT'S NOT TOO BAD A DEAL IF YOU CAN KEEP IT TOGETHER AT ALL—IF YOUR VALUES AREN'T TOO SCREWED UP, AND YOU DONT GET HIT WITH TOO MANY TOUGH BREAKS...
IT'S COMPLICATED AND YET IT ISN'T...
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, WATCH OUT FOR THE SUCKER PITCH—LIVE AND LEARN—DON'T GET STUCK ON A ONE-WAY STREET TO ALCOHOLISM OR DRUG ADDICTION—DUMB STUFF LIKE THAT—YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT....
RENDER UNTO CAESAR AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE, AND SO FORTH....
PLENTY OF THINGS CAN GO WRONG, SURE, BUT MORE OFTEN THAN NOT PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS ARE DUE TO THEIR OWN FUCK-UPS.... THAT'S BEEN MY EXPERIENCE.... NOT THAT I DON'T STILL BELIEVE IN SOCIALISM—I DO—IT'S THE MOST CIVILIZED WAY WE KNOW OF—NO QUESTION ABOUT IT...
BUT UNDER THE PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES, MY ADVICE IS, LEARN A TRADE OR A SKILL AND TRY TO MAINTAIN YOUR INTEGRITY—
IT CAN BE A SWEET LIFE, IT REALLY CAN—WITH EFFORT AND A LITTLE LUCK—I DON'T WANT TO SOUND LIKE I'M TOOTING MY OWN HORN—WHAT DO I KNOW? THE GODS DECIDED TO EASE UP ON ME A LITTLE SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE, AND, BELIEVE ME, I'M GRATEFUL!
THANK YOU!
END

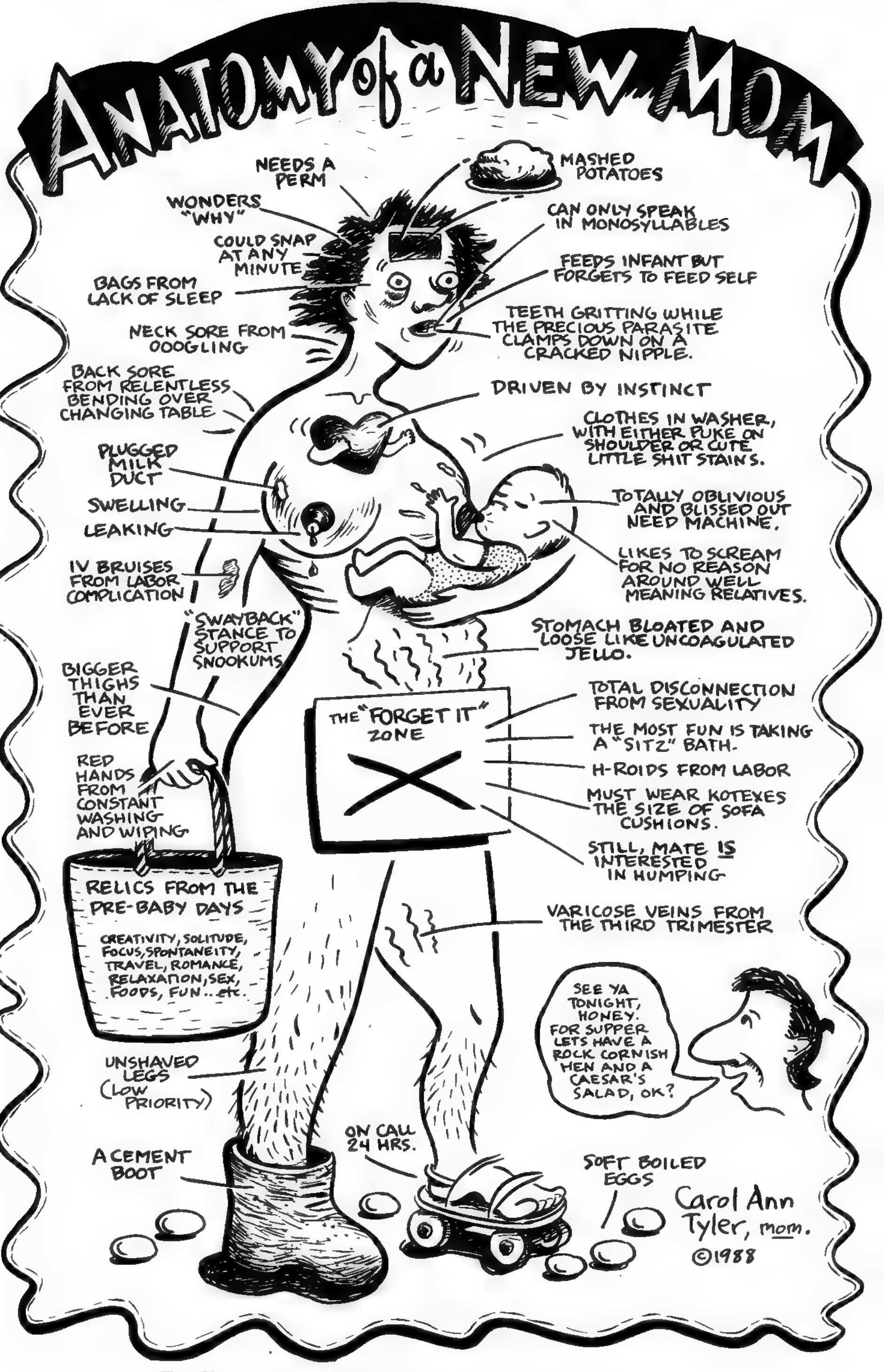
CAUTION: THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ WAS COMPLETED IN ***EARLY*** 1966, ***LONG*** BEFORE ROBERT CRUMB AND ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB BEGAN THEIR CONTROVERSIAL TAG TEAM COMIX SERIES. DID THE CRUMBS SOMEHOW LIFT THIS BILLION DOLLAR IDEA FROM THE HUMBLE AND HARD WORKING HERNANDEZES? THE SIMILARITIES ***ARE*** REMARKABLE, BUT THE HERNANDEZES HAVE DECIDED NOT TO SUE. THIS STORY WAS FIRST PRINTED IN ***SNOOTCH COMIX*** # 3, MARCH 1967.



"BETO" and "Carol"
in "IT'S NOT THE MOTION, IT'S THE MEAT"
OH, SHIT, CAROL'S ALREADY HOME FROM WORK AND I HAVEN'T DONE A THING BUT WATCH T.V. ALL DAY.
BOINK
LOOK AT THIS! IT'S PATHETIC! I'VE ONLY INKED MAYBE A PANEL AND A HALF THIS WEEK! I'M GETTING LAZIER BY THE DAY. WHILE MY POOR WIFE SLAVES AWAY AT THE OFFICE!
THANKS FOR HELPING ME WITH THE GROCERIES, FATSO!
SORRY, BUT I WAS, UH, BRAINSTORMING AND, UH, I THINK I'VE COME UP..
.."WITH SOME IDEAS FOR THE NEXT ISSUE, BUT I'M STILL STUCK ON THIS ISSUE, AND I'M BEHIND MY DEADLINE ALREADY.."
YEAH, YEAH...
NOBBIES
NOBBIES
I THOUGHT P.M.S. CAME ONLY ONCE A MONTH, NOT ONCE A WEEK.
OH, I DON'T MEAN TO BE CRANKY, BUT I JUST LOATHE THE IDEA OF HAVING TO FIND ANOTHER MORONIC NINE TO FIVE JOB...
WHEN I THINK OF YOU SITTING AROUND ALL DAY DOING NOTHING, AND ME..
OH, ALL RIGHT, THEN, I'LL GO OUT AND GET A REAL JOB DIGGING DITCHES OR SELLING SHOES! THEN WE'LL BE SO RICH YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORK EVER AGAIN!
YOU'RE MEAN..!
SOB

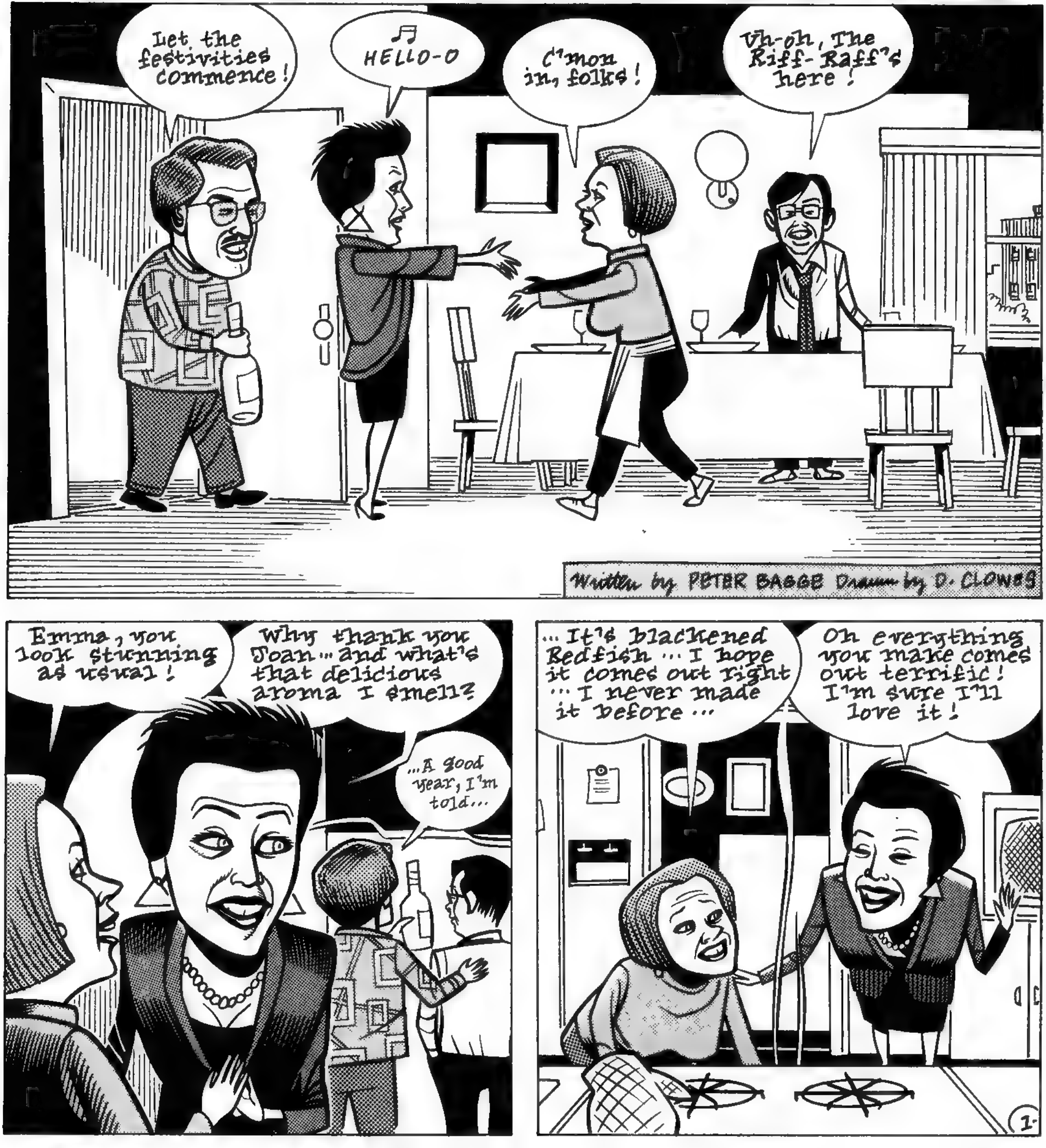
Copyright ©Gilbert and Carol Hernandez-1999


AW, I'M... I'M SORRY BABE... GOSH, MAYBE WE'RE IN A RUT COOPED UP IN THIS TINY APARTMENT ALL THE TIME... FUCK IT! LET'S GO OUT TONIGHT, BABE! LET'S GO NUTS! HUH?
YAY!
I'M GONNA DRESS UP AND *EVERYTHING*..!
Later...
GRUNT...
¦ SIGH ¦
REMIND ME TO TAKE OUT MONEY FROM THE READYTELLER TOMORROW, BABE. I'M BROKE AGAIN.
GOD, DIDN'T YOU JUST TAKE OUT MONEY THE OTHER DAY?
WHERE *DOES* IT GO?
TSK
WELL TONIGHT ABOUT FORTY BUCKS WENT TO A DINNER THAT WAS SO-SO, TWELVE BUCKS WENT TO A TYPICAL MIND-NUMBING 'HIT' HOLLYWOOD MOVIE DIRECTED BY 'NEVER-WAS' ARTEEST MIKE NICHOLS... UH, SIX BUCKS WENT TO COLD POPCORN AND COKE, SIX BUCKS TO GAS...
... AND THIRTY BUCKS TO VALET PARKING, CLUB COVER CHARGE, WATERED DOWN DRINKS AND A "HOT, NEW, BREAKTHROUGH" BAND THAT, IN REALITY, PUTS THE FINAL NAIL IN THE COFFIN OF 'NEW MUSIC'!
AND DID YOU SEE HOW MANY HOMELESS PEOPLE WERE OUTSIDE BOTH THE THEATER AND THE CLUB? AND HERE I AM BITCHING. I'M PRACTICALLY THROWING MONEY AWAY ON HALF-ASSED DIVERSIONS, WHILE THEY... GRUNT-
WELL, ON *THAT* HAPPY NOTE...
OOPS! LOOKS LIKE THE RUSSIANS GOT US FIRST!
OH WELL! AT LEAST WE KNOW THE MAIL WILL GET THROUGH!
ORIGINAL USE OF FINALE LATER DONE TO DEATH BY CARTOONISTS TOO LAZY TO THINK OF A DECENT ENDING.
END
2

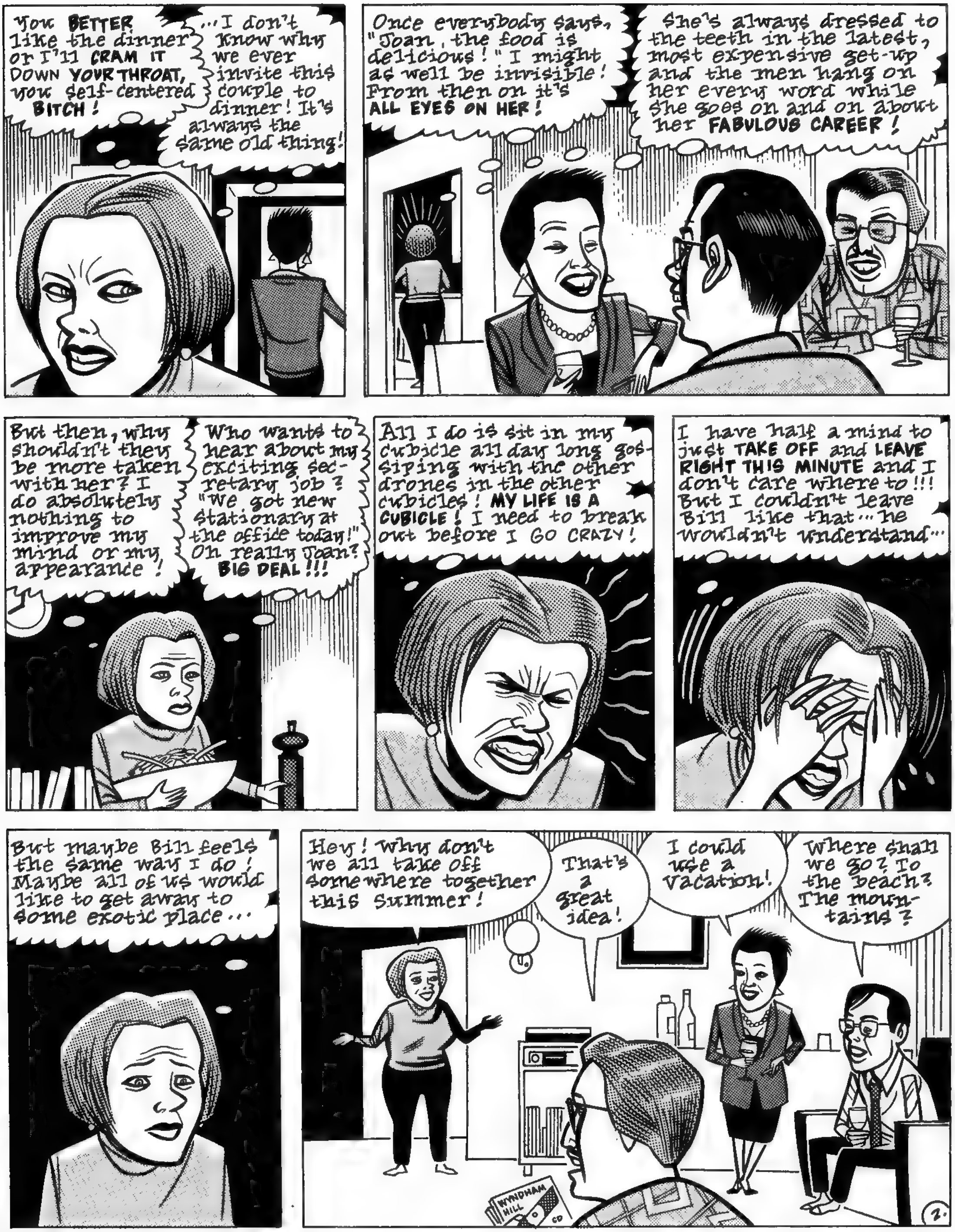

ANATOMY of a NEW MOM
NEEDS A PERM
MASHED POTATOES
WONDERS "WHY"
CAN ONLY SPEAK IN MONOSYLLABLES
COULD SNAP AT ANY MINUTE
FEEDS INFANT BUT FORGETS TO FEED SELF
BAGS FROM LACK OF SLEEP
TEETH GRITTING WHILE THE PRECIOUS PARASITE CLAMPS DOWN ON A CRACKED NIPPLE.
NECK SORE FROM OOOGLING
BACK SORE FROM RELENTLESS BENDING OVER CHANGING TABLE
DRIVEN BY INSTINCT
CLOTHES IN WASHER, WITH EITHER PUKE ON SHOULDER OR CUTE LITTLE SHIT STAINS.
PLUGGED MILK DUCT
SWELLING
LEAKING
TOTALLY OBLIVIOUS AND BLISSED OUT NEED MACHINE.
LIKES TO SCREAM FOR NO REASON AROUND WELL MEANING RELATIVES.
IV BRUISES FROM LABOR COMPLICATION
"SWAYBACK" STANCE TO SUPPORT SNOOKUMS
STOMACH BLOATED AND LOOSE LIKE UNCOAGULATED JELLO.
BIGGER THIGHS THAN EVER BEFORE
THE "FORGET IT" ZONE
TOTAL DISCONNECTION FROM SEXUALITY
THE MOST FUN IS TAKING A "SITZ" BATH.
H-ROIDS FROM LABOR
MUST WEAR KOTEXES THE SIZE OF SOFA CUSHIONS.
STILL, MATE IS INTERESTED IN HUMPING
RED HANDS FROM CONSTANT WASHING AND WIPING
RELICS FROM THE PRE-BABY DAYS
CREATIVITY, SOLITUDE, FOCUS, SPONTANEITY, TRAVEL, ROMANCE, RELAXATION, SEX, FOODS, FUN...etc.
VARICOSE VEINS FROM THE THIRD TRIMESTER
SEE YA TONIGHT, HONEY. FOR SUPPER LETS HAVE A ROCK CORNISH HEN AND A CAESAR'S SALAD, OK?
UNSHAVED LEGS (LOW PRIORITY)
ON CALL 24 HRS.
A CEMENT BOOT
SOFT BOILED EGGS
Carol Ann Tyler, mom.
©1988

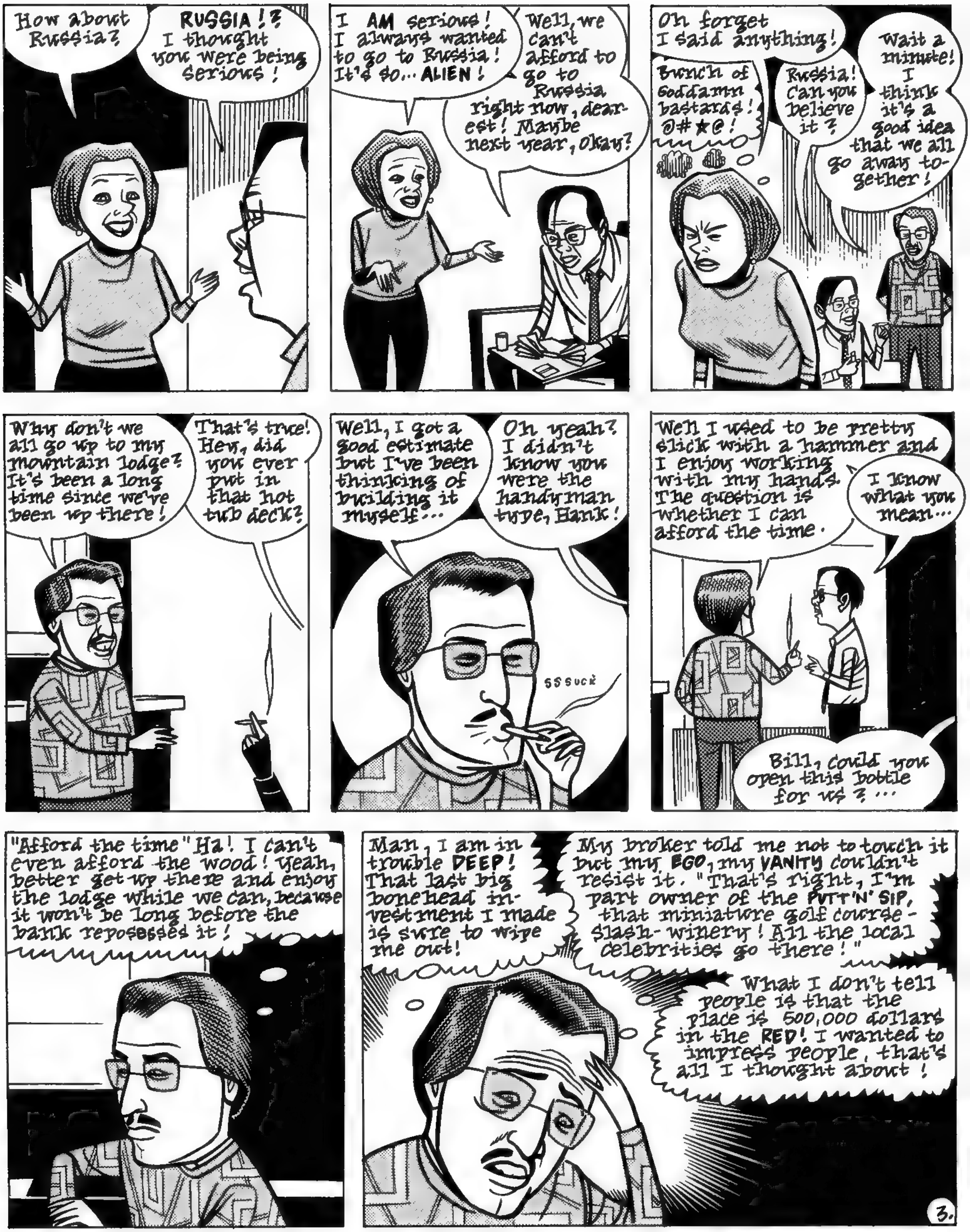
The NEW MOM is available as a full color T-shirt for $12.00 post paid to ❀ LAST GASP ❀ 2180 Bryant S.F CAL. 94110
please state size S, M, L or XL

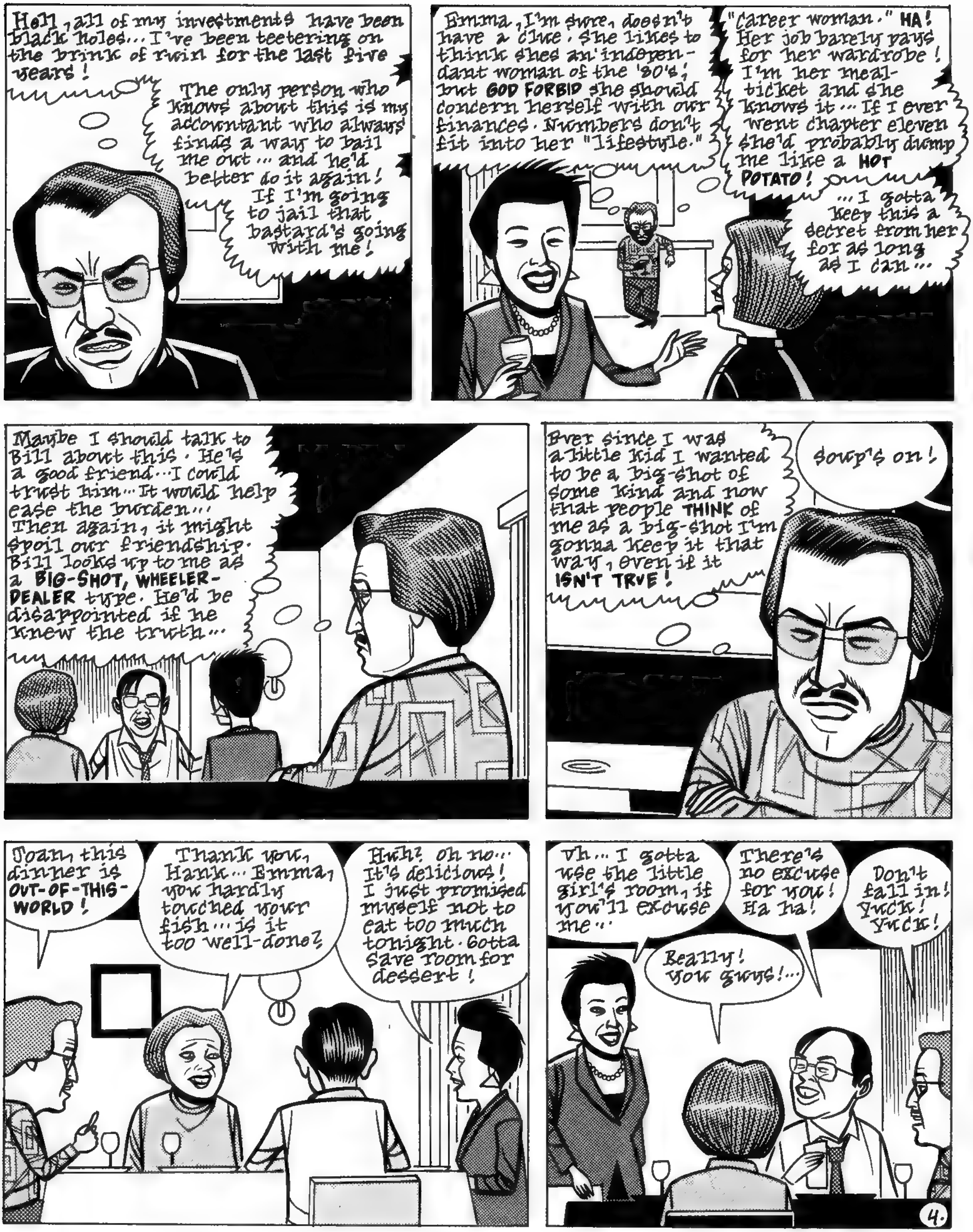
LIFE IN THESE UNITED STATES

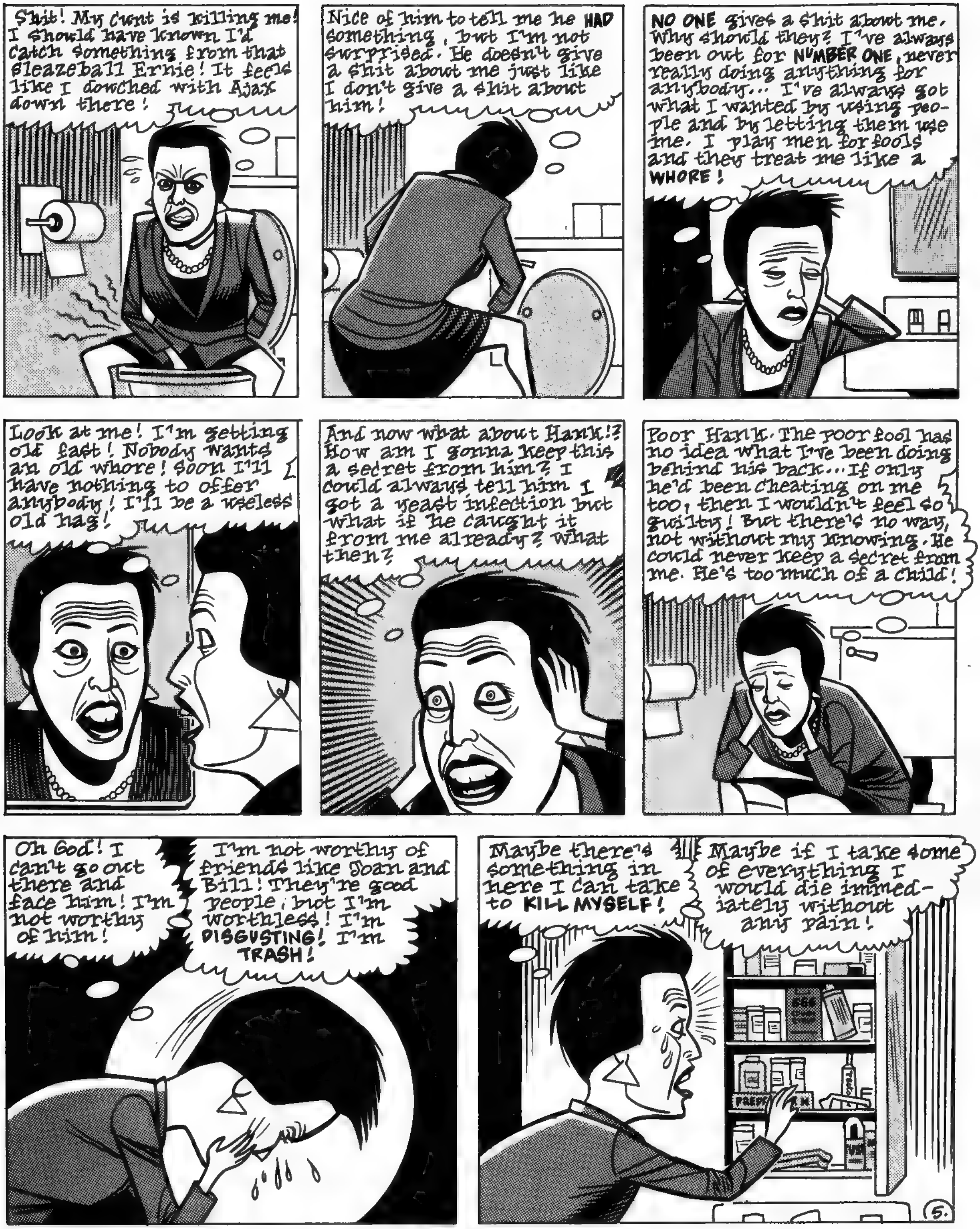

Let the festivities commence!
♫ HELLO-O
C'mon in, folks!
Uh-oh, The Riff-Raff's here!
Emma, you look stunning as usual!
Why thank you Joan... and what's that delicious aroma I smell?
...A good year, I'm told...
...It's blackened Redfish... I hope it comes out right... I never made it before...
Oh everything you make comes out terrific! I'm sure I'll love it!

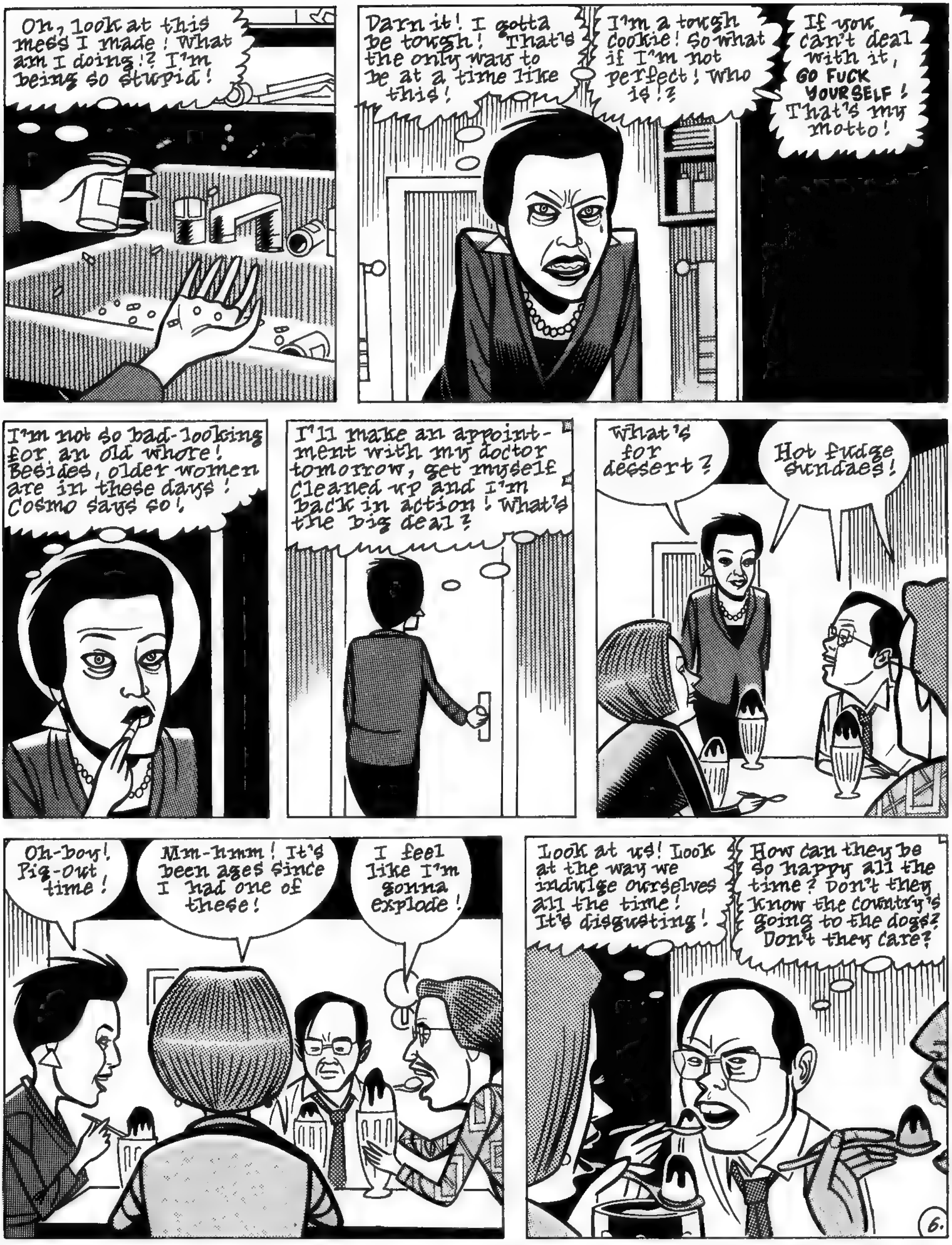
Written by PETER BAGGE Drawn by D. CLOWES

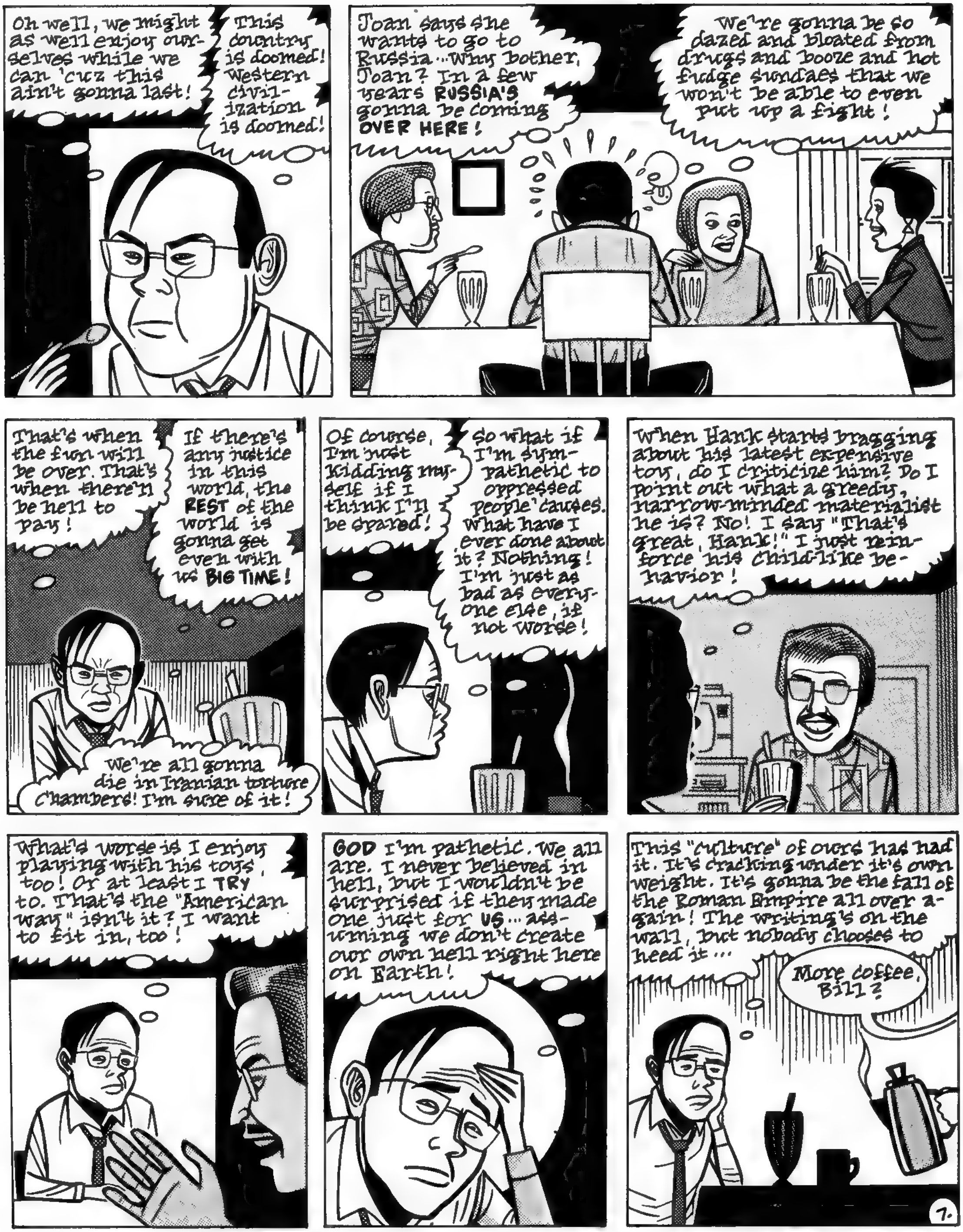

You BETTER like the dinner or I'll CRAM IT DOWN YOUR THROAT, you self-centered BITCH!
...I don't know why we ever invite this couple to dinner! It's always the same old thing!
Once everybody says, "Joan, the food is delicious!" I might as well be invisible! From then on it's ALL EYES ON HER!
She's always dressed to the teeth in the latest, most expensive get-up and the men hang on her every word while she goes on and on about her FABULOUS CAREER!
But then, why shouldn't they be more taken with her? I do absolutely nothing to improve my mind or my appearance!
Who wants to hear about my exciting secretary job? "We got new stationary at the office today!" Oh really Joan? BIG DEAL!!!
All I do is sit in my cubicle all day long gossiping with the other drones in the other cubicles! MY LIFE IS A CUBICLE! I need to break out before I GO CRAZY!
I have half a mind to just TAKE OFF and LEAVE RIGHT THIS MINUTE and I don't care where to!!! But I couldn't leave Bill like that... he wouldn't understand...
But maybe Bill feels the same way I do! Maybe all of us would like to get away to some exotic place...
Hey! Why don't we all take off somewhere together this summer!
That's a great idea!
I could use a vacation!
Where shall we go? To the beach? The mountains?
WYNDHAM HILL
CD

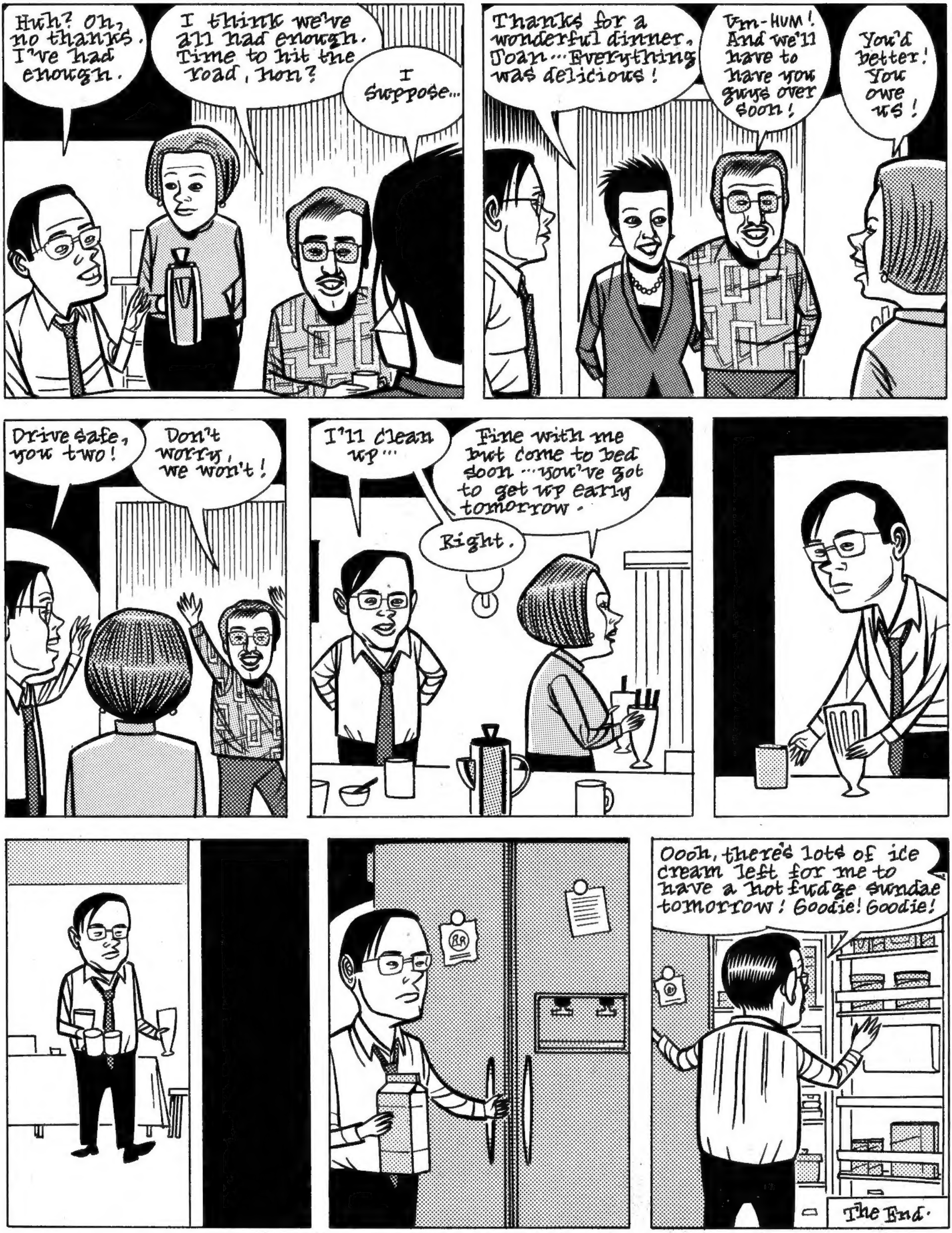

How about Russia?
RUSSIA!? I thought you were being serious!
I AM serious! I always wanted to go to Russia! It's so... ALIEN!
Well, we can't afford to go to Russia right now, dearest! Maybe next year, okay?
Oh forget I said anything!
Bunch of goddamn bastards! @#★@!
Russia! Can you believe it?
Wait a minute! I think it's a good idea that we all go away together!
Why don't we all go up to my mountain lodge? It's been a long time since we've been up there!
That's true! Hey, did you ever put in that hot tub deck?
Well, I got a good estimate but I've been thinking of building it myself...
Oh yeah? I didn't know you were the handyman type, Hank!
SSSUCK
Well I used to be pretty slick with a hammer and I enjoy working with my hands. The question is whether I can afford the time.
I know what you mean...
Bill, could you open this bottle for us?...
"Afford the time" Ha! I can't even afford the wood! Yeah, better get up there and enjoy the lodge while we can, because it won't be long before the bank reposesses it!
Man, I am in trouble DEEP! That last big bonehead investment I made is sure to wipe me out!
My broker told me not to touch it but my EGO, my VANITY couldn't resist it. "That's right, I'm part owner of the PUTT'N' SIP, that miniature golf course-slash-winery! All the local celebrities go there!"
What I don't tell people is that the place is 500,000 dollars in the RED! I wanted to impress people, that's all I thought about!

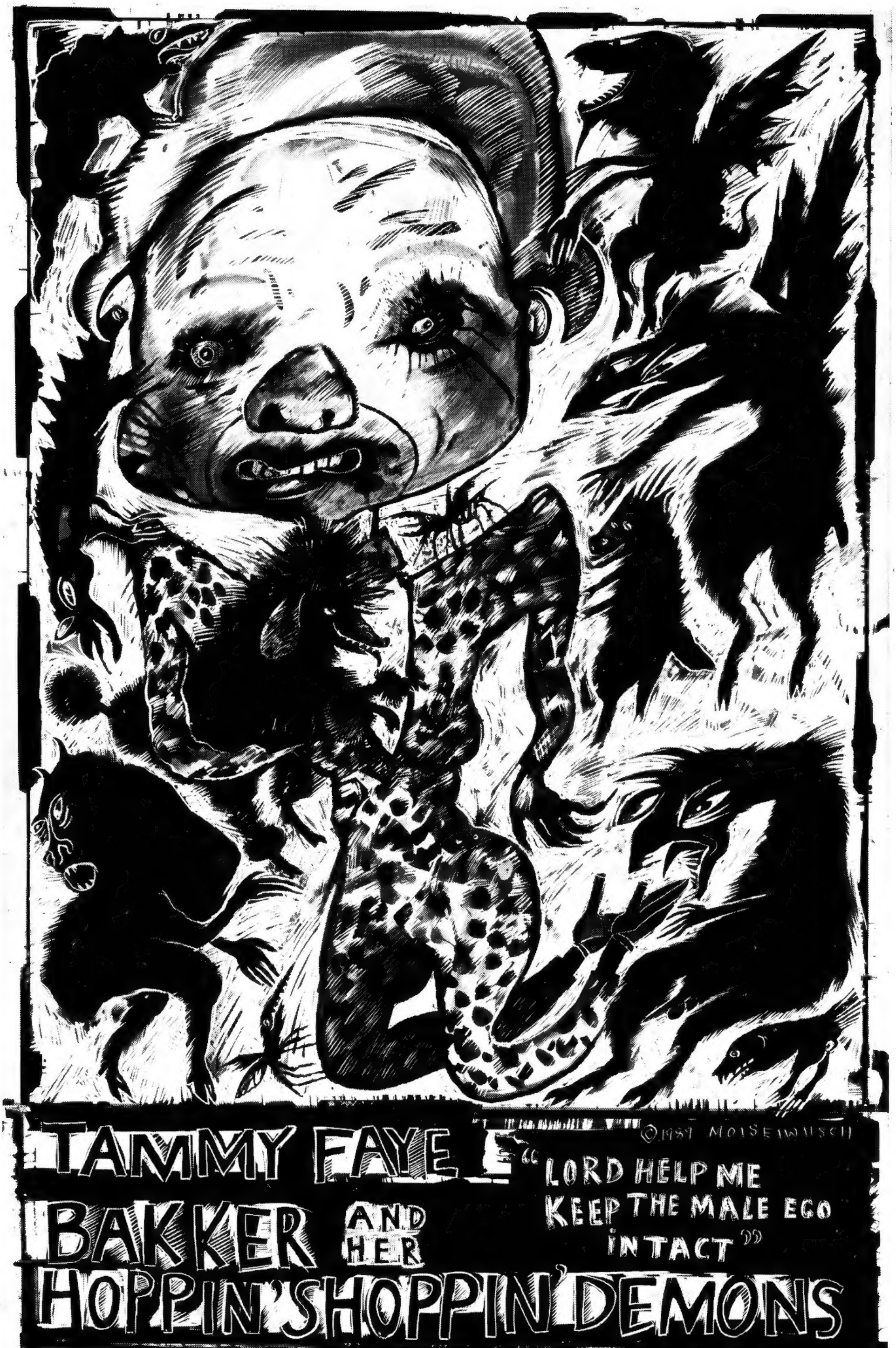

Hell, all of my investments have been black holes... I've been teetering on the brink of ruin for the last five years!
The only person who knows about this is my accountant who always finds a way to bail me out... and he'd better do it again! If I'm going to jail that bastard's going with me!
Emma, I'm sure, doesn't have a clue. She likes to think shes an independant woman of the '80's, but **GOD FORBID** she should concern herself with our finances. Numbers don't fit into her "lifestyle."
"Career woman." **HA!** Her job barely pays for her wardrobe! I'm her meal-ticket and she knows it... If I ever went chapter eleven she'd probably dump me like a **HOT POTATO!** ...I gotta keep this a secret from her for as long as I can...
Maybe I should talk to Bill about this. He's a good friend... I could trust him... It would help ease the burden... Then again, it might spoil our friendship. Bill looks up to me as a **BIG-SHOT, WHEELER-DEALER** type. He'd be disappointed if he knew the truth...
Ever since I was a little kid I wanted to be a big-shot of some kind and now that people **THINK** of me as a big-shot I'm gonna keep it that way, even if it **ISN'T TRUE!**
Soup's on!
Joan, this dinner is **OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD!**
Thank you, Hank... Emma, you hardly touched your fish... is it too well-done?
Huh? Oh no... It's delicious! I just promised myself not to eat too much tonight. Gotta save room for dessert!
Uh... I gotta use the little girl's room, if you'll excuse me...
There's no excuse for you! Ha ha!
Don't fall in! Yuck! Yuck!
Really! You guys!...

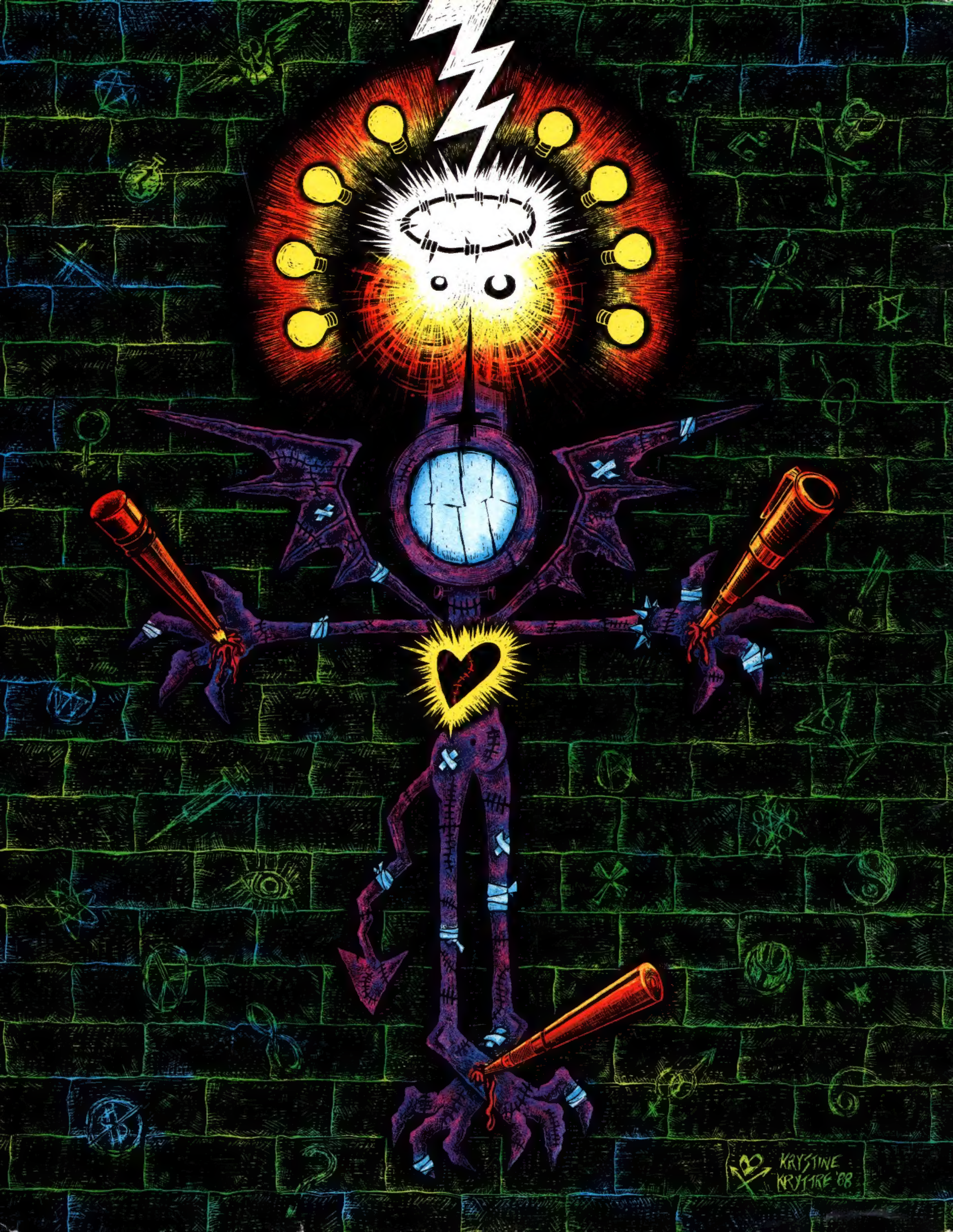

Shit! My cunt is killing me! I should have known I'd catch something from that sleazeball Ernie! It feels like I douched with Ajax down there!
Nice of him to tell me he **HAD** something, but I'm not surprised. He doesn't give a shit about me just like I don't give a shit about him!
NO ONE gives a shit about me. Why should they? I've always been out for **NUMBER ONE**, never really doing anything for anybody... I've always got what I wanted by using people and by letting them use me. I play men for fools and they treat me like a **WHORE**!
Look at me! I'm getting old fast! Nobody wants an old whore! Soon I'll have nothing to offer anybody! I'll be a useless old hag!
And now what about Hank!? How am I gonna keep this a secret from him? I could always tell him I got a yeast infection but what if he caught it from me already? What then?
Poor Hank. The poor fool has no idea what I've been doing behind his back... If only he'd been cheating on me too, then I wouldn't feel so guilty! But there's no way, not without my knowing. He could never keep a secret from me. He's too much of a child!
Oh God! I can't go out there and face him! I'm not worthy of him!
I'm not worthy of friends like Joan and Bill! They're good people, but I'm worthless! I'm **DISGUSTING**! I'm **TRASH**!
Maybe there's something in here I can take to **KILL MYSELF**!
Maybe if I take some of everything I would die immediately without any pain!


Oh, look at this mess I made! What am I doing!? I'm being so stupid!
Darn it! I gotta be tough! That's the only way to be at a time like this!
I'm a tough cookie! So what if I'm not perfect! Who is!?
If you can't deal with it, **GO FUCK YOURSELF!** That's my motto!
I'm not so bad-looking for an old whore! Besides, older women are in these days! Cosmo says so!
I'll make an appointment with my doctor tomorrow, get myself cleaned up and I'm back in action! What's the big deal?
What's for dessert?
Hot fudge sundaes!
Oh-boy! Pig-out time!
Mm-hmm! It's been ages since I had one of these!
I feel like I'm gonna explode!
Look at us! Look at the way we indulge ourselves all the time! It's disgusting!
How can they be so happy all the time? Don't they know the country's going to the dogs? Don't they care?


Oh well, we might as well enjoy ourselves while we can 'cuz this ain't gonna last!
This country is doomed! Western civilization is doomed!
Joan says she wants to go to Russia... Why bother, Joan? In a few years RUSSIA'S gonna be coming OVER HERE!
We're gonna be so dazed and bloated from drugs and booze and hot fudge sundaes that we won't be able to even put up a fight!
That's when the fun will be over. That's when there'll be hell to pay!
If there's any justice in this world, the REST of the world is gonna get even with us BIG TIME!
We're all gonna die in Iranian torture chambers! I'm sure of it!
Of course, I'm just kidding myself if I think I'll be spared!
So what if I'm sympathetic to oppressed people's causes. What have I ever done about it? Nothing! I'm just as bad as everyone else, if not worse!
When Hank starts bragging about his latest expensive toy, do I criticize him? Do I point out what a greedy, narrow-minded materialist he is? No! I say "That's great, Hank!" I just reinforce his child-like behavior!
What's worse is I enjoy playing with his toys, too! Or at least I TRY to. That's the "American way" isn't it? I want to fit in, too!
GOD I'm pathetic. We all are. I never believed in hell, but I wouldn't be surprised if they made one just for US... assuming we don't create our own hell right here on Earth!
This "culture" of ours has had it. It's cracking under it's own weight. It's gonna be the fall of the Roman Empire all over again! The writing's on the wall, but nobody chooses to heed it...
More coffee, Bill?


Huh? Oh, no thanks. I've had enough.
I think we've all had enough. Time to hit the road, hon?
I suppose...
Thanks for a wonderful dinner, Joan... Everything was delicious!
Um-HUM! And we'll have to have you guys over soon!
You'd better! You owe us!
Drive safe, you two!
Don't worry, we won't!
I'll clean up...
Fine with me but come to bed soon... you've got to get up early tomorrow.
Right.
Oooh, there's lots of ice cream left for me to have a hot fudge sundae tomorrow! Goodie! Goodie!
The End.


TAMMY FAYE
BAKKER AND HER
HOPPIN' SHOPPIN' DEMONS
©1989 MOISEIWUSCH
"LORD HELP ME
KEEP THE MALE EGO
INTACT"


KRYSTINE
KRYTTRE '88

A Pyramid Scan
CW.
C2C • Quality • CBZ